

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1563.

London, Saturday, October 10, 1857.

PRICE
FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

THE EVENING CLASSES at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, for the ensuing Winter, will begin on MONDAY, Oct. 26. The Prospectus, containing full particulars of the Subjects for Study, and the books to be used, may be obtained by application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary, King's College, London.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Prof. TENNANT, F.G.S. will COMMENCE a COURSE of LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of GEOLOGY, and of the Application of Mineralogical Knowledge to the Detection of Minerals. The lectures will be delivered in the Library, and will begin on FRIDAY, October 9, at 9 o'clock, A.M. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour. Fee, 2s. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.

The SESSION will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, October 18, at Three o'clock. Prof. CREALY, A.M., will deliver the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE. Subject: 'The Scientific and Practical Study of History.' Lectures on TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS from Three to Four, P.M. This Course is open to Gentlemen who are not attending other Classes in the College, as well as to those who are.

Introductory Lecture, FREE.

EDWARD S. CREALY, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

October 9th, 1857.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— The CLASSES will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, the 18th October, at Three, P.M. with a LECTURE by Professor GALLENKA, entitled, 'Italy and the Colonies; an Introduction to the History and the Characters of the Italian People.' Results from their History and Literature.' Lectures on TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS from Three to Four, P.M. This Course is open to Gentlemen who are not attending other Classes in the College, as well as to those who are.

Introductory Lecture, FREE.

EDWARD S. CREALY, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

6th October, 1857.

SURREY ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on THURSDAY, the 2nd November, at the British House Hotel, South-wark, to consider and decide upon a proposal, recently made to the Council, to the effect that the Society's operations be extended to the COUNTY OF KENT. The Chair will be taken at 3 o'clock.

JOHN LOCKE, Esq. Q.C. M.P., Vice-President.

The Meeting being secret, Subscribing Members only can take part in the proceedings.

By order of the Council.

EDO. BISH. WEBB, Honorary Secretary.

Council Room, 6, Southampton-street, Covent-garden, Oct. 5, 1857.

ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.

President—C. R. COCKERELL, Esq. R.A.

Trustees—P. HARDWICK, Esq. R.A.; W. TITE, Esq. M.P.; SYDNEY SMIRKE, Esq. A.R.A.

Treasurer—THOMAS H. WYATT, Esq.

The Committee are desirous of completing the List of Subscribers for 1857, now between 200 and 300 in number, as early as possible, in order to estimate the extent to which they may avail themselves of the services of Architects at Home and Abroad, with whom they are making arrangements. They calculate upon being able to issue to Subscribers, for each Guinea subscribed, at least nine or ten Photographs, averaging say 12 in. by 10 in. which may be chosen from a considerable number of fine subjects.

The Prospectus and Rules will be forwarded on application.

Post-office orders payable at Old Cavendish-street, W.

ROBERT HESKETH, Hon. Sec.

95, Wimpole-street, W.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER (in connexion with the University of London).—Session 1857-8.

The COLLEGE will OPEN for the Session on MONDAY, the 18th October, 1857. The examinations, preliminary to admission, hitherto required, are for the present discontinued. The Session will terminate in July, 1858.

Principal—J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

For a statement of the courses of Instruction in the several Departments, see Advertisement in the *Athenæum* of Saturday the 8th of September.

Arrangements have been made for a Class in Drawing, under Mr. J. A. HAMMERSLEY. Since the former advertisements, HENRY E. ROSCOE, B.A., Ph.D., F.C.S. has been appointed Professor of Chemistry.

The Evening Classes are held for Schoolmasters and others not in the service of the College.

The following Scholarships and Prizes have been founded for competition by Students of the Owens College, viz.:

The Victoria Scholarship, for competition in Classical Learning; annual value £20, tenable for two years.

Wellcome Scholarship, for competition in the critical knowledge of the Gospels of the New Testament; annual value £20, tenable for one year.

The Dalton Scholarships, viz. two scholarships in Chemistry, annual value £20, each, tenable for two years; two scholarships in Mineralogy, annual value £20, each, tenable for not more than two years.

Dalton Prizes in Chemistry are also intended to be offered.

The Dalton Prize in Natural History, value £20, given annually.

The better maintenance of discipline and superintendence of study out-of-class hours, arrangements are in progress, to which Parents and Guardians may place Students during the day under the superintendence of an officer appointed to that charge. Dinner will be provided within the College walls for such Students.

Further particulars will be found in a Prospectus which may be had from Mr. Nicholson, at the College, Quay-street, Manchester.

JOHN P. ASTON, Solicitor and Secretary to the Trustees.

St. James's Chambers, South King-street, Manchester.

25th September, 1857.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, IRELAND.

—THE PROFESSORSHIP of ENGLISH LITERATURE and HISTORY, in the QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK, being VACANT. Candidates for that Office are required to forward their Applications to the Secretary of the Dublin University, on or before the first day of NOVEMBER next, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties immediately after his appointment.

Dublin Castle, October 1, 1857.

THE ART-LIBRARY of BOOKS, DRAWINGS, PRINTS, &c. on ORNAMENTAL ART at SOUTH KENSINGTON is NOW OPEN from 10 A.M. on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, till 10 P.M.; and Thursdays and Fridays till 7 P.M. on Saturdays till 4 P.M.

All Students have free admission, and tickets, at 6d. weekly, 1s. 6d. monthly, and 10s. yearly, may be obtained at the Library. Copying and Tracing of Prints, &c. under proper regulations, are permitted.

By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

ART-UNION of GLASGOW.—Subscribers of

One Guineas are entitled to immediate delivery of the large and beautiful Engraving, on steel, of Maci's Painting, 'NOAH'S SACRIFICE,' or of any of the previous Year's issues if preferred, besides one chance of obtaining, at the Annual General Meeting in December, a Painting or other Work of Art. The whole Engravings may be seen, and Lists of the same, with the application to GEORGE GRANT, Hon. Secretary for London.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL SINGING SCHOOL,

Established 1841.

Director—Mr. JOHN HULLAH.

ELEMENTARY CLASSES—SEVENTEEN SEASON, No. 163, for LADIES. First Lesson, Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 7.15, No. 164, for GENTLEMEN. First Lesson, Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8.30.

To be opened in November.

No. 165, for LADIES. First Lesson, Monday, Nov. 9, at 5.15.

No. 166, for GENTLEMEN. First Lesson, Monday, Nov. 9, at 6.30.

Fee, for the Course of 30 Lessons—Ladies, 10s. 6d.; Gentlemen, 15s.

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INAUGURATION AT BIRMINGHAM OF
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
FOR THE
PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

PRESIDENT—LORD BROUHAM.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM.
THE RECORDER OF BIRMINGHAM.

MEETINGS IN BIRMINGHAM
ON THE 13TH OF OCTOBER,
AND FOUR FOLLOWING DAYS.

PROGRAMME.

MONDAY.—A GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS will be held in the Town Hall, at half-past Seven o'clock, when the INAUGURAL ADDRESS will be delivered by Lord Brouham.

TUESDAY.—Five Sections—viz., Jurisprudence and Amendments of the Law, President John Russel; Education, President Sir John Pakington; Punishment and Reformation, President the Bishop of LONDON; Public Health, President Lord Stanley; Social Economy, President Sir Benjamin Brodrick; and members of the Queen's College, at half-past Seven o'clock. Address will be delivered by the President. In the Evening, a SOIREE will be held in the Town Hall, under the Presidency of the Mayor. The Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute propose to open the Theatre of the New Building by the presentation of an Address to Lord Brouham. The distribution of Prizes. Members of the Association not resident in Birmingham will have free admission to the ceremony.

WEDNESDAY.—The sections will meet in the Queen's College, at Eleven o'clock, a.m.—In the Evening, Conversations on the Social State of the Country, by Mr. Newell; Reformation, Union, and the Reformatory and Refuge Union.

THURSDAY.—The sections will meet in the Queen's College, at Eleven o'clock, a.m.—In the Evening, a Public Meeting will be held in the Town Hall, at half-past Seven o'clock, in aid of the Reformatory and Refuge Union.

FRIDAY.—A General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Theatre of the Institute, Paradise-street, at Twelve o'clock at Noon, for the purpose of receiving a Report, and for the transaction of the general business of the Association.

PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERS.—Members of the Association (annual subscription one pound) are entitled to Admission to all the Meetings of the Association, and in addition to personal Admission, have the privilege of introducing two persons to the Soirée.

HOLDERS OF TEN-SHILLING TICKETS will have Free Admission to the Inaugural Address, to the Sectional Meetings, to the Soirée—with the further privilege of introducing a friend to that assembly—and to the General Meeting.

Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Lloyd & Co. Bankers, Birmingham, and by the General and Local Secretaries. Any information respecting the Meetings may be obtained on application at 29, Temple-street, Birmingham.

Post-office orders, payable to Messrs. Lloyd & Co. Bankers, Birmingham.

G. W. HASTINGS, 3, Waterlooe-place, London,
General Secretary.
J. T. BUNCE, 7, Local
CHURCHILL, RAYCLIFFE,
J. F. WINFIELD, Secretary.

SURGEONS' HALL, EDINBURGH.
WINTER SESSION, 1857-58.

The following COURSES of LECTURES on MEDICAL SCIENCE, and also those delivered in the University, qualify for Examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. All the Courses are for Six Months, if not otherwise specified.

CLASSES OPEN ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

Medica Materia and Dietetics... 9 A.M. Dr. Douglas Macadam
Surgery... 10 A.M. Mr. Spence
Surgery (4, High School Yards)... 10 A.M. Dr. P. H. Watson
Surgery (5, Infirmary-street)... 10 A.M. Dr. Stevenson Macadam
Chemistry... 10 A.M. Dr. Stevenson Macadam
Analytical Chemistry... 10 A.M. Dr. Stevenson Macadam
Practical Chemistry... 10 A.M. Dr. Stevenson Macadam
(Free Month Course)... 10 A.M. Dr. Stevenson Macadam
Physiology... 11 A.M. Dr. Sanders
Medical Jurisprudence... 11 A.M. Dr. Littlejohn
Clinical Medicine... 11 A.M. Dr. Keiller
Royal Infirmary... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner, and
Medicine... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner, and
Warburton Beagle
Clinical Surgery... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
(Royal Infirmary)... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
Surgery... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
Royal Infirmary... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
Dispensary Visit... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
Practical Midwifery... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
Practical Pharmacy... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
Dental Surgery... 11 A.M. Dr. W. T. Gairdner
By order of the Royal College.

JOHN SCOTT, Secretary.

During the SUMMER SESSION, 1858, the following Three Months' Courses will be delivered:—

Midwifery... Dr. Keiller
Midwifery (4, High School Yards)... Dr. Matthews Duncan
Medical Jurisprudence... Dr. Littlejohn
Clinical Surgery... Dr. W. T. Gairdner, and
Warburton Beagle

Practical Medicine... Dr. John Struthers
Practical Anatomy, with Demonstrations... Dr. John Struthers
Chemical Chemistry... Dr. John Struthers
Operative Surgery... Dr. John Struthers
Pathological Anatomy... Dr. Rutherford Haldane
Natural Philosophy... W. Lee, A. M.
History of Medicine... Dr. Warburton Beagle
Dental Surgery... Dr. John Smith
Climatology... Dr. Pinkerton

J. MATTHEWS DUNCAN,
Secretary to the Medical School.

CLOTHES EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION for LANGUAGES and SCIENCES—Dr. BUCHHELM's Course of MORNING CLASSES for LADIES, and of EVENING CLASSES for GENTLEMEN, will commence on WEDNESDAY, October 14, at his house, 10, CLOTHES EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION, where full particulars may be obtained personally by letter, or by post, to BUCHHELM, City of London Classes for French and German "meets as usual" at Tokenhouse Chambers, Lothbury. Schools and Families attended.

REMOVAL.—MONS. F. DE PORQUET,
Author of "Le Trésor," after an absence of Fourteen Years from Tavistock-street, has RETURNED TO TOWN, where he continues giving LESSONS on his Popular Method to Schools, Institutions, and Families—Scholastic Agency. Office hours from 11 to 4.

14, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

CAUTION.—Whereas, some person or persons have for some time past, been in the habit of assuming the name of M. ALEXANDRE ENWICK de PORQUET, the author of "Le Trésor de l'Élégie," French, English, and German, the Public is informed that gentleman has RETURNED to Town, after an absence of six years, 14, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, where he has resumed his Foreign and English Scholastic Agency and French Classes.

GOVERNESS.—A Young German Lady, who can be highly recommended, desires a SITUATION AS GOVERNESS in the Family of a Nobleman or Gentleman. Teachers German, French, Music, and Painting.—Address "GOVERNESS," Messrs. Robertson & Scott, Advertising Agents, Edinburgh.

HOME FOR THE WINTER.—A Married Beneficed Clergyman purposes residing in some sheltered and salubrious spot, during the approaching Winter; and would be happy to share his Residence with one or two Ladies, or Gentlemen; or to take charge of two or three Youths, having had much experience in the Training and Management of Young Persons.—Address M. A., to the care of Mr. Thos. Hatchards, Bookseller and Publisher, 157, Piccadilly.

A LADY, who wishes to increase her connexion, will be happy to allow a Percentage to any Lady who, from resigning her School, or otherwise can introduce Pupils to her. Her house is in one of the best localities, with first-rate Master and Servants, and is let for £50 to £60 per annum. This advertisement will be kept open, and letters to Mrs. Law, 118, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, will always reach her.

THE PRESS.—A THEATRICAL CRITIC and REVIEWER, on a London Weekly Journal, will shortly be disengaged, and would be glad to meet with a similar or single appointment.—Address C. R., Temple Coffee-house, 103, Chancery-lane.

RESIDENT SURGEON.—A Gentleman, aged 32, who was several years in a practice which he has lately relinquished in consequence of the situation not agreeing with his health, and who is desirous of being engaged as a Resident or RESIDE with an invalid. His services and habits are such that he would prefer the addition of a private Secretaryship or other literary occupation. Recommendations can be given to eminent professional men.—Address ALPH., Mr. R. Forrest, Chemist, 9, Cambridge-place, Harrow-road, W.

THE AQUARIUM.—Living Marine and Fresh Water ANIMALS and PLANTS; Sea Water, Tanks, Glasses, and every other requisite, ON SALE. An Illustrated, priced, and descriptive List post free on receipt of six stamps. The Tanks, by Sanders & Woollett, at their prices—W. ALFORD LLOYD, 19 and 20, Portland-road, Regent's Park, London, W.

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REVIEWS

Louis David, his School and his Time: Recollections by M. E. J. Delecluze—[Louis David, son Ecole, &c.] (Paris, Didier.)

DAVID may be considered as the reconstructor of the whole fabric of French Art. If the French school of the seventeenth century had not the grandeur of that of the *époque des Lumières*, considerable vigour of invention and distinction of style cannot be denied to the artists of that period, above all to Poussin, who was worthy to be the contemporary of Richelieu and of Corneille and to have adorned the beginning of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. A century later we find other and less reputable Louis's and Richelieus; while in a corresponding manner Art, in the hands of a Boucher, had become merely subsidiary to the decoration of the abodes of the voluptuary. The works of this and similar artists have been so hardly dealt with by Diderot, that little more remains to be said of a school now historically interesting, as reflecting the costume and manners of a remarkable age of intellectual acumen and moral degradation. The works of Boucher and Vanloo will never create the smallest emotion in the human heart. They were in their place as decorations of the *boudoir* of the *danseuse* and the cabinet of the financier. But they are full of technical prettinesses, and, although for half-a-century under the ban of *déconsidération*, they are once more in full fashion, with the porcelain of Dresden, Sévres, and Capo di Monte.

David, who headed the classical revolt against these men (*in genre*, the innovator was Greuze), was in every respect a revolutionary painter. In politics, he was Jacobin to the core; and in his severe and conscientious anatomical studies, his admirable drawing, and his systematic rejection of the sensual, even to the repudiation of brilliant colour—the legitimate partner of form—we see the Puritan of art, as contrasted with his pretty sensuous predecessors of the eighteenth century. Nor was David's sphere of power confined to politics and art. It included society and manners. He brought into the fullest vogue the externals of antiquity, from the *coiffure* of a De Staél and a Recamier to that meagre fashion of chairs and tables now called "style de l'Empire." This second Classicism of France (unlike that of the seventeenth century, which seized the spirit of antiquity) was more outward than inward, and, as M. Granier de Cassagnac observes, lay in mere paraphernalia. People studied the material facts of Plutarch and Winckelmann; they did not live in daily communion with the poets as the men of the seventeenth century had done. It was a fashion for the eyes, not a religion for the intellect.

This second Classicism had scarcely attained its climax when it was undermined by the schools of actual life and of so-called Romanticism, that followed in the wake of Châteaubriand, the Schlegels, Scott, and host of poets of the last half-century, and the representatives of which were David's own pupils, beginning with Gros—the painter of the immortal combats of the period—and Gerard, whose picture of the entrance of Henri Quatre into Paris was, properly speaking, the beginning of the Romantic school in French painting, or, as we should call it, the preference of modern history and actual life to ancient. In spite of this revolution of taste, and in spite of the histrionic caricature of Guérin, which (notwithstanding their vast erudition) threw discredit on the republican and imperial school of Classicism, and in spite of

David's own acknowledged defects in colour, in ingenuousness, and in rendering the electricity of vitality, this painter still occupies one of the first niches in the Pantheon of Gallican Art; and therefore his biography was, with all respect for several previous attempts, a vacuum still to be filled up.

The first requisite of a biography is, that, independently of execution, the raw material of adventure be good. In this case the stuff is excellent; for, if David stamped his age with some of its peculiarities, his own destiny bears the ineffaceable impress of the events of his period. He was not like a Goethe, a spectator from an Olympic elevation of the combats and combatants below. David was in them and among them. The man we have described—who, from being a pupil of Pompeo Battoni, headed the classical revolt—was also the firm friend and admirer of Robespierre,—then the salaried illustrator of the pomps of the first Napoleon, the master, teacher, and friend of such pupils as Granet, Gros, Girodet, Gerard, Isabey senior, Leopold Robert, and Ingres,—and, lastly, the *ci-devant* conventional regicide in exile, which was the more acutely felt as falling on David at a period of life too advanced to permit of new plans, new social relations, and new studies, after a severance from those of the previous quarter of a century, brought about by one of the most extraordinary political restorations that history records.

"Louis David, son Ecole et son Temps," is an agreeable and intelligently written work, by a man who has not only a sound practical and critical knowledge of French Art, but who, without being a brilliant writer, has the pleasant literary forms of an "habitué des bureaux d'esprit." But why has he given us so dull and uninteresting an Introduction? Why have we for a frontispiece that opaque sketch of David's pupil Etienne? Four long chapters *à propos* of we cannot tell what, except that we have a vague notion that the quintessence of this introductory matter ought to have found its own place in the biography proper of David himself. Once clear of these icebergs, the navigation is pleasant enough.

David was the son of an ironmonger, and first saw the light, at Paris, in 1748. His father having been killed in a duel when the son was ten years of age, the youth was early taught the golden lesson of self-reliance. During his education at the Collège des Quatre Nations, he covered his class-book with drawings and gave other unmistakable signs of a calling for Art. Application was, therefore, made to Boucher for a place of pupil in his studio; but age induced the artist to decline the teaching of the youth who was destined to dethrone his system and ideas. David, therefore, became a pupil of Vien, who still occupies a respectable, although not a high, place in the hemicycle of French Art. The progress of David was rapid; and, at the fifth contest, he carried off the so-called prize of Rome, a sort of travelling fellowship of Gallican Art, which secures a residence of some years in Italy at the State expense, and which provides for youthful capacity that framework of artificial culture which the artist can subsequently fill up according to individual bent. The result has shown the excellence of the system. None go abroad who have not shown indisputable proofs of capacity, and all those weary barriers that poverty interposes between an artist and his satisfactory self-formation are cleared at a single leap.

The native school of Italy had died a natural death in the seventeenth century. Some few great works of Raphael Mengs (still admired at Madrid) were those of a German artist, for the

Spanish market. In the productions of Pompeo Battoni we see manufacture on existing models and patterns, but not a ray of the genius of invention. But David made good use of his time in learning more perfectly some of the mechanical parts of his profession. His drawing was so good that old Pompeo Battoni bequeathed him his palette. David saw at once the great influence that the exhumation of the antique statuary had had upon the *cinq-centistes*, and rushed with ardour into that cold, conventional antique, which he rarely afterwards shook off.

On David's return to Paris in 1780 everything conspired to make him a classical painter, and avert him from the mirroring of actual life; the school of which was then represented by Greuze, to whom Diderot had rendered such justice, but with moderate effect on the public mind. La Harpe trumpeted the poets of Greece and Rome, Madame Roland devoured Plutarch, and David, who had pored over Winckelmann, executed in succession those works which make him the regenerator and reconstructor of modern French art by conscientious severity and correctness of drawing. But his sobriety was excessive. All brilliancy, from the stately splendour of Paul Veronese to the rainbow *courtisannerie* of Vanloo, was forbidden with puritanical rigour, and however much one may respect his antipathy for the exaggerations of Michael Angelo and Rubens, one would certainly be content to see a little more of their reality, movement, and animation in his works.

It is not necessary to describe in detail the pictures executed by David, with which many of our readers are familiar; we may only indicate some of the most celebrated. The first that made a sensation was "Les Horaces," ordered by M. de Marigny under Louis Quinze, executed at Rome, and exhibited at Paris in 1785. Then the "Death of Socrates." The philosopher, surrounded by his disciples, is about to receive the fatal cup of hemlock from the executioner. In this great composition David comes up to the pathos and dramatic power of the simple but thrilling narrative by Xenophon. The first idea of David had been to paint Socrates holding the cup which the executioner had presented to him, but André Chenier said "No, no; Socrates, entirely absorbed by the great thoughts which he is expressing, ought to stretch out his hand for the cup, but not receive it until he has finished speaking."

In 1789, the year of the Assembly of the States-General, David produced his "Brutus returning to his home after the Condemnation of his Son"—a picture ordered for the king, who was so soon to be judged by David himself. All these pictures were executed with great accuracy of costume and still life. They influenced the manners of the period. Hair powder was thrown aside. In furniture, the undulating contours of the style of Louis Quinze, which is according to what has been called the line of beauty (as if beauty did not admit of a straight line or a rectangle), were set aside for the severe simplicity of the antique. In female costume the short waists and robes of Roman matrons, as seen in the portraits of Mesdames Tallien and Recamier, followed on the dismissal of laced corsets, high heels, and tucked petticoats.

David assisted his friend Robespierre in preparing the public spectacles of the Revolution. In the widest sense he made himself the artist of the Revolution,—and gave posterity the precious historical information conveyed in such productions as the "Serment du Jeu de Paume," with the portraits of Bailly, Mirabeau, &c. He painted the death of Marat by Charlotte Corday

as the martyrdom of a saint, and proposed in the Convention that the assassinated democrat should have the honours of the Pantheon. A few days before the fall of Robespierre David denounced the crimes of the agents of despotism. When Robespierre descended from the tribune after making the speech that drew down his condemnation, David said, "If you drink the hemlock, I will drink it with you." When the hero of the Revolution fell David was thrown into prison, and but for Legendre and Thibault he would have been guillotined.

David was liberated and restored to his studies under the Directory, and during their period of power produced several of his most remarkable works, among which we may mention the picture of 'The Sabine Mothers,' with their children intervening between the Romans and their brothers,—a subject treated with great dramatic power. This was one of his most successful efforts, and carried his reputation to its zenith. All the eminent men remaining in France, even those who abhorred the regicide, admired the artist. General Bonaparte, then living in the Rue Chantereine, and who after his Italian campaigns had become the first personage in the society of Paris, was frequently to be seen in his studio conversing on the genius of the ancients and the moderns, the Italians and the French, in imitative Art. The fruit of this intercourse was the celebrated picture of the young General passing the Alps. The idea of Bonaparte calmly sitting on a fiery horse traversing the Alpine summits was the warrior's own. The more recent picture of Paul Delaroche inevitably invites comparison, and it must be admitted that as regards the head the later artist has the advantage. In manly intellectual beauty, in tranquillity of effect, and in the expression of the capacity that precedes action, it would be difficult to name a more striking modern picture than that of Paul Delaroche. But the general composition of David is a more felicitous expression of the tempestuous epoch and of its man of action in the cool consciousness of power.

When the Empire was proclaimed David was made first Imperial painter. But in the large pictures done to order, and in embodying mere pageant in which the human interest is null, David showed a mechanical heaviness, falling into the mere chronicle of faces and costume. The courtier groaned under onerous and lucrative Imperial commissions, but the genius ceased to soar. That some of these pictures have great merit is uncontested. That of the 'Coronation of the Emperor' was several years in execution, and when it was at length finished Napoleon went with all his suite to see it. It had been much criticized by the courtiers in consequence of David having made it rather the coronation of the Empress Josephine by her husband. The Emperor walked for some time up and down before it, and at length complimented the artist on having guessed his idea. "You have made me a French chevalier," said Napoleon, and "I thank you for the commemoration of my affection. *David, je vous salue*," and with an inclination of the head went away, leaving the artist delighted and receiving the congratulations of the courtier-critics.

At this point it may not be out of place to give some account of the domestic habits of David, who had arrived at the maturity of his talent. He was early afoot, and neatly but plainly dressed for the day; and at the breakfast table, between nine and ten, his pupils usually waited on him in order to receive his directions for the day. Sometimes he showed them the picture of a great master, the excellencies and defects of which he would point out with much discrimination, and, with rare

modesty, was always ready to hear the opinion of the younger artists, and to take advantage of them. He went little into society, and the tranquillity of his domestic establishment was seldom enlivened, except by the *fêtes* which he gave at the marriage of his daughters. He was an assiduous frequenter of the Italian Opera, which was a relic of his Italian tastes. In summer he used to take long walks all over Paris.

In one of these long promenades in company with Etienne, they happened one day, on their return from the Jardin des Plantes, to follow the Boulevard du Temple as far as the booths then erected there, the showmen of which were vociferous in their invitations to the passengers to enter and see representations in wax of Judith and Holophernes, the Coronation of Napoleon, &c. "Let us go in" said David. "Etienne, *je vous régale*," added he, and while the explanation was proceeding inside, David made some general observations to Etienne on the imperfection of all imitation, and was proceeding to illustrate his position by reference to higher art than that of the Boulevard du Temple. One of the attendant showmen overhearing this discourse, offered to show them something curious, not usually exposed to the ordinary run of visitors. David, thinking it was some licentious exhibition, declined; but, being assured by the showman that the establishment was of irreproachable respectability, he consented, and a chest was opened showing the heads of Hebert and Robespierre. The latter, with his fractured jaw, modelled after death in wax hanging from a triangle. The showman was going on with his usual story, "Gentlemen, here you see the head of Hebert, commonly called Père Duchesne, whose crimes conducted him to the scaffold. The other is Robespierre, you see," &c. David gently stopped him with a sign of the hand, which indicated that further historical and political information was, in this case, unnecessary. But he examined the heads with the greatest attention for some time, and then added, "It is well imitated, it is very well done." Afterwards, in exile in Brussels, he happened to sit next a stranger at the Theatre who, with warmth, asked permission to grasp his hand. "You are, no doubt, an enthusiastic admirer of the arts?" said David. "Not a bit," answered the stranger, "I wish to shake hands with the friend of Robespierre!"

One day the Emperor said to David that he had formed the project of uniting all his pictures in the Imperial Museum. David answered that that would be difficult, as his pictures were so dispersed, and, moreover, in the hands of amateurs who were too rich to part with them. "For instance," said David, "M. Trudeau sets a great value upon 'The Death of Socrates'."—"Offer him forty thousand francs, even sixty thousand," said the Emperor, but although the picture originally contracted for at six thousand francs had been paid for by ten thousand, the owner refused to part with it. "I must respect property," said the Emperor, with some dissatisfaction, "I cannot compel this lover to give up his mistress." But evil days were at hand for both Emperor and artist, and on the approach of the Allied armies to Paris, David suddenly transported several of his pictures to the west coast. The first Restoration passed over him without a shock, but having, during the hundred days, signed the additional articles which excluded the Bourbons, he was, on their return, condemned to exile. It required all the courage of a man verging on seventy to quit his country and fireside, his seat, as it were, a new existence; his austere stoical dignity of character prevented him from complaining, but he felt the change acutely.

Brussels was the place which David chose for his exile on various grounds. It had formed a part of the French Empire, and the upper part of society was French in language and manners. The King of Prussia made him handsome offers through Prince Hatzfeld, then Prussian Ambassador at the Court of the Netherlands. "What was your salary as first painter to Napoleon?" said the Prince to David. "Twelve thousand francs," answered the painter. "Oh!" said Prince Hatzfeld, our King will do better than that. The intention of the King is, to have you as a Minister of the Arts. You will enjoy all the advantages and honours due to you, go to Berlin, and create a school of painting."—"Ah!" said David, "my great age, my wife's feeble health, my love of independence, the kindness the King of the Netherlands shows me, and the desire to accept such flattering invitations, perplex me." He consulted his companions in exile, Sièyes and Cambacérès. The ex-chancellor, a man of the world, advised him to accept. The former, a philosopher of the eighteenth century, said, "You are free, independent, honoured, and at ease in your circumstances; why should you give up these advantages?" This decided David, and he remained at Brussels.

Here he spent nine years in exile, from 1816 to 1825, the year of his decease, and executed some works and several portraits. His mornings were passed in his studio, his evenings at the theatre. In 1823 a medal was struck in his honour in Paris; and Gros, on the part of his pupils and the artists of Paris, took it to Brussels,—a circumstance doubly gratifying to David, for Gros, regardless of opinion in high places, and remembering only the exile of his master, gave him the most affectionate proofs of his attachment. In 1825 David's hand refused to obey his will, but even on his deathbed he corrected a proof of his picture of 'Leonidas at Thermopyla.' On the morning of the 29th of December he asked for his cane, and pointed out one part as too light, another as too dark, and a third as too spotty. It was the last glimmer of the expiring lamp. Soon his voice failed, the cane dropped from his hands, and at ten o'clock he expired.

The pictures of David, as described in the preceding notice, were sometimes harsh in colour, sometimes histrionic rather than dramatic in composition, and generally tinged with the antique mannerism of the Revolution. But they have, nevertheless, taken a permanent place in French art from their masterly seizure of the most expressive and quintessential portion of the historical transaction selected for the subject of his pencil, as well as from their poetical treatment of details, their indisputable erudition, and equally indisputable drawing of the human frame. But, in the electric glow of life, thought, and action, he was deficient. Still he was a genuine artist, without the slightest charlatanism, despising all ingenious expedients to get over the difficulties of the nude by drapery, and resolutely attacking the mechanical strongholds of his art. If he had not the sacred fire of many of the great men of Italy, he more than any other teacher of art in France had the power of transmitting to his pupils that which could be taught by intelligent oral exposition and dexterous drawing. That which he did not possess is that which cannot be taught by any rules of any master. In his own works he indicated rather than reached the goal of high art by the elegant severity with which he overthrew his predecessors of the eighteenth century. The fruit of his studies is to be found in the works of his pupils, of whom we have already given a nominal list; while, at the head of his imitators, although not

his pupil, may be mentioned Guérin, the master of Géricault, of Paul Delaroche, of Eugène Delacroix, and of Ary Scheffer. Thus even the Romantic school, which for a considerable period threw the Classic into disrepute, was largely indebted to it for many of its most valuable elementary qualities; and in these curious revolutions the part of David, if not the most recent and consummate, appears to us, on the whole, to be the most conspicuous and the most considerable.

Nearer and Dearer: a Tale out of School. A Novelette. By Cuthbert Bede, B.A. (Bentley.) Cuthbert Bede—to adopt the reverend author's pseudonym—is a feeble wag. His books are to comic literature what a street-Punch is to the theatre. There is a desperate effort at vivacity about them quite pitifully dull in its results. They always remind us of the merriment of a certain Scotch convivial party, of which Douglas Jerrold used to tell a capital story. A Scotchman (Douglas narrated) once assembled half-a-dozen men, put one bottle of wine before them, and then, locking the door, said, "Not one of you shall stir till it is finished!" Just such is the intellectual feast of Mr. Bede—there is so little for the company to get merry on. He never even distantly approaches to fun—unless when he borrows somebody's jokes, or imitates a bit of Mr. Dickens's humour, as servilely as if he had had a waistcoat made after that gentleman's fashion.

As, however, we are perpetually assured in the advertisements that Mr. Bede's books sell, we suppose there are people who read him. To assume that many grown folk do so would be an insult to the population, and therefore we must fall back on the supposition that boys are the chief consumers of his literary lollipop. Now, in case any paterfamilias thinks that humour, like negus, is safest when it is weak, and that the Author of 'Verdant Green' is a harmless joker for youth, we shall enable him to form an opinion of the taste, propriety of feeling, and gentlemanliness of tone which distinguish his last publication. The story, as a story is too poor for notice, but an extract or two will abundantly exhibit the style of its execution. Here we have specimens of facetious dialogue between two servants:—

"Why, good gracious me! what's the matter?" asked Dolly. "Matter? ha! replied Fido, with a fat chuckle, as he laid the blacking-brush over that part of his scarlet waistcoat under which his heart was presumed to be situated. "Dolly! I've a silent sorrow here. Here, underneath this gay exterior, I've got such an amount of accumulated hagony, that my only wonder is it hasn't blown off all the rows of roley-poley buttons, and revealed itself to the eyes of the astonished Clapperclaw. Dorothea! I've let concealment, like a worm in a tub, prey on my damask cheek! It's wearing me away gradually. I feel it a wasting of me. I gets thinner every day, and loses my appetite for wittles. And some day, Dolly, you'll find this suit of invisible green, and nothing more of its invisible owner than a broken heart to tell you. "This was Fido!" At the thought of which touching picture, Fido appeared to be visibly affected. * * * "But I see how it is," said Dolly, slightly recovering the control over her feelings; "you've been falling in love with another of the young ladies, you have; you little weak-minded, good-for-nothing wretch!" "And what if I have, Miss Dot?" rejoined the fat youth; "ain't it a hamiable weakness?" "Fido!" replied Dolly, with stern manner and stinging point, "it's a hamiability you indulge in rather too much. That's the seventh young lady this half-year, and a fortnight yet to the holidays. Do you think, sir, that I'd have interested myself to get you this situation, and raised you from being a harridan boy at a chemist and druggists, if I could have seen that you'd go and fall in love with all

the parlour-boarders? Fido, you ain't fit to be a page in a boarding-school; you don't know how to take care of yourself. Fido, you're a reg'ler Don Juan."—But undeterred by this terrible epithet, the fat youth sniggered, with an air of conscious pride, "Ha, ha! I rather believe I am."

This is the very model of graceful gaiety. But the following surpasses it for original and brilliant wit:—

"Fido opened the door of the buckram-and-backboard reception-room, retired for a second, and then re-appeared, bearing a tray on which were wine-glasses, a bottle of wine, and a plate of biscuits. 'Here's a event, miss!' said he, with his fat chuckle. 'Missis is coming it rayther, ain't she? You know, miss, that it ain't every day as she serves out the wittles in this ere reckless manner.'—'It is certainly kind of her to send the cake and wine,' replied the young lady. —'Kind, miss!' said Fido. 'Ha! ha! I believe you. She says it's to celebrate the return of Captain Smith to Hingland one and beauty.'—'Fido,' says she, 'the British harmy has a claim upon my sympathies. Cos why, sir? d'ye see, her husband, old Clapperclaw, was in the tal-tee trade, and supplied their barracks with his long and short sixes. He was a rum old feller, was old Clapperclaw, sir, lanky and yaller, like his own farden rushlights, as would have been considerably improved by another dip. This wine were made by the tal-lerman's mother, and it's got the regular true tal-ler flavour.'—'A rare quality in wine,' laughed Sir Charles. 'Pray, what may your mistress call it?'—'Champagne; ha! ha!' chuckled Fido. 'The wine is the sham part, and comes first; the pain follows naterally of its own accord.'"

When we add that the author describes a lady's shoes as her "trotter-cases" we have done full justice to his playful refinement.

Perhaps it is going too far to say that stuff of this sort can do any harm, but surely the light literature of the country should be free, if possible, from such defects as meanness and vulgarity. It is not enough to answer that it is too poor to be mischievous;—people have been poisoned before now in small-beer. Neither shall Mr. Bede escape by urging that all sorts of triviality are allowable in a "light" writer. We respect good light literature as much as he does, and probably know it better. Our objection to him is not that he is a light writer, but that he is a bad light writer; and on inquiry we will find that this distinction makes all the difference.

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, by Various Writers. Edited by W. Smith, L.L.D. 2 vols. (Walton & Maberly.)

STUDENTS of the ancient classics have reason to be thankful that the last of the three larger Classical Dictionaries prepared under Dr. W. Smith's editorial superintendence is at length completed. The principal writers and the editor of this Dictionary being the same as those of the two former, it naturally resembles them in its plan and general character,—which is as strong a recommendation as can well be desired. Like them, it is the result of a judicious distribution of labour,—the subjects assigned to the various contributors being precisely those in which natural aptitude and previous pursuits specially qualified them to excel. Like them, too, it worthily represents the tendencies and achievements of modern scholarship, embodying, as it does, the results at which recent inquirers have arrived under the guidance of advanced knowledge and improved methods of investigation. The best authorities—both ancient and modern, British and foreign—have been carefully consulted and skilfully employed. No available source of information has been neglected. From the works of Greek and Latin authors, the monumental remains of antiquity, the observations of travellers, and the researches

and speculations of scholars, have been drawn materials which are here digested into a convenient form, enabling the reader to see at once what has been ascertained or propounded on each subject up to the present time. And should he wish for further information, he is supplied with the best guidance to his inquiries in the references to authorities which everywhere abound. Whatever difficulties may still be experienced in reading classical writers, they can scarcely arise from any want of such subsidiary aids and appliances as the actual state of our knowledge can afford.

There is only one thing yet to be desired, that these three Dictionaries might be placed within the reach of all who wish to consult them and know how to use them. We cannot help regretting that the present one bears so close a resemblance to the two preceding—especially the 'Dictionary of Biography and Mythology'—in being too expensive for any but those who are blessed with abundant means. The published price of the three Dictionaries is within a trifle of *twelve pounds*, which is to many as effectual a prohibition against their use, as the Index Expurgatorius itself to a Roman Catholic community. If this evil—of which we had occasion to complain in our notice of 'The Biographical Dictionary'—were plainly inevitable, we could patiently bear with it; but we pointed out a method by which it might have been avoided in the former case, and similar remarks are applicable to this. In both instances, the excessive bulk and cost arise from—what we cannot help thinking—a needless and undesirable deviation from the legitimate purpose of these Dictionaries, which is, to elucidate the classical literature of ancient Greece and Rome. The work before us, though called 'A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography,' is, in fact, according to the editor's own acknowledgment, "A Dictionary of Ancient Geography in the widest acceptation of the term." We are the less disposed to admit the necessity of inserting Scriptural geographical names here, because 'A Dictionary of Biblical Antiquities, Biography, and Geography' is announced to be in preparation under the same editor. This Dictionary also contains a good deal of history as well as geography, and, we think, more than was at all requisite. Mr. Long, in his article on *Gallia Transalpina*, lays down a principle which we should have been glad to see recognized throughout the whole work. He says: "The proper purpose of such an article as this is to say what can be said within reasonable limits, and what is useful for reading the best Greek and Roman writers." Why, after making such a statement, he should have deemed it desirable to enter so fully into the history of the Gauls, and, in fact, give us an English version of the historical parts of Caesar's 'Commentaries,' is more than we can pretend to explain. But, as might be expected, the article contains many excellent observations, some of which we here repeat.—

"Gallia has the best position of any country in Europe. It has a large coast on the Mediterranean and a larger on the Atlantic, which give it a communication with all the world. These seas are well stocked with fish. Except the mountains that form its boundaries, and a few ranges that cover only a comparatively small part of its surface, it is a plain country with a very large proportion of fertile soil. It produces corn in abundance, wine of the best quality, and, in the southern part of the valley of the Rhone, the olive. Some parts have good pasture, and it is well adapted for the growth of timber. Though the winters are cold in the north, the summer is warm, and fruits generally ripen well. It is not so rich in minerals as Britain, but it contains coal, and iron in abundance; also lead, copper, and a great variety of valuable stone. It

is rich in mineral springs, and it has brine springs and rock salt. This wealth was not neglected even in the period before the Roman conquest; but under Roman dominion it was still more productive. The Galli of Caesar's time were an ingenious people: they had made some progress in the working of metals and other useful arts, and they were apt learners. Of all the nations of Western Europe none has had more influence on civilisation than the Galli, both before and during the Roman dominion, except the Romans themselves; and since the establishment of the Franks in Gallia, the country between the Rhine and the Pyrenees, though now containing several states and parts of states, has still a unity both natural and social which makes it the most important part of the whole world."

Respecting the inhabitants of ancient Gallia, Mr. Long thus writes:—

"As an hypothesis which rests on probable grounds is better than no opinion at all, if the hypothesis is not accepted as final, and so as to exclude inquiry, we may take that of Thierry (*Histoire des Gaulois*) without taking all his reasons and all his history. The Gallic race seems to consist of two great divisions, which we may call Galli and Cumri; and, while we admit the relationship of these races to be shown by their language, religion, and usages, we may also admit that the differences are sufficiently marked to distinguish them. The modern representatives of the Cumri, the Welsh, have preserved their integrity better than any of the Gallic tribes. Of the other peoples in the north of Great Britain, and in Ireland, who belong to the Gallic race, the writer has no distinct opinion, and is not required to express any here; nor has he the knowledge that would enable him to form an opinion. The Belge, as Caesar calls the Galli north of the *Seine*, though the name properly belonged in his time to the inhabitants of a part only of this country, were different from the Celts, and they may be the Cumri; and this, probably, was the race that occupied all the Armorica or the sea-coast as far as the *Loire*. The representatives of these people are the modern Bretons, a fact which cannot be denied, whatever opinion there may be about the origin of their present name and that of the country (*Bretagne*), or about settlers from Britannia having gone over there in the fourth century of our era, or later. Of the two races the Celts seem to be superior in intelligence, and we found this opinion on the character of the French nation at the present day; for it is admitted by all competent judges that though the Romans formed a dominion in Gaul which lasted several centuries, though many Germanic nations have settled in it, and though the Franks founded the empire now called the French, the great mass of the people south of the *Seine* are still of Celtic stock. The Franks, who were a small tribe, probably had less effect on the Celtic population, except in the north, than the Italians who, during the Roman dominion, settled in all parts of Gallia in a peaceful way. Whatever may be the exact truth within the limits of these probabilities, the Celtic race, as now modified, is superior to the Cumri and to the German in some respects; superior certainly in the striking talents of distinguished individuals, inferior probably in the solid qualities that fit the bulk of a nation for daily life."

The same contributor gives the following lively sketch of the Massaliots:—

"Some writers have attempted, out of the fragments of antiquity, to reconstruct the whole polity of Massalia; an idle and foolish attempt. A few things are recorded, which are worth notice; and though the authority for some of them is not a critical writer, we can hardly suppose that he invented. (Valer. Maxim. ii. 6.) Poison was kept under the care of the administration, and if a man wished to die, he must apply to the Six Hundred, and if he made out a good case, he was allowed to take a dose; and 'herem,' says Valerius, 'a manly investigation was tempered by kindness, which neither allowed any one to depart from life without a cause, and wisely gives to him who wishes to depart a speedy way to death.' The credibility of this usage has been doubted on various grounds; but there is nothing in it contrary to the notions of

antiquity. Two coffins always stood at the gates, one for the slave, one for the freeman; the bodies were taken to the place of interment or burning, whichever it was, in a vehicle: the sorrow terminated on the day of the funeral, which was followed by a domestic sacrifice and a repast of the relations. The thing was done cheap: the undertaker would not grow rich at Massalia. No stranger was allowed to enter the city with arms: they were taken from him, and restored when he went away. These and other precautions had their origin in the insecurity of settlers among a warlike and hostile population of Ligurians and Galli. The Massaliots also had slaves, as all Greeks had; and though manumission was permitted, it may be inferred from Valerius, if he has not after his fashion confounded a Greek and Roman usage, that the slave's condition was hard. A supply of slaves might be got from the Galli, who sold their own children. Whether the Ligurian was so base, may be doubted. We read of Ligurians working for daily hire for Massaliot masters. This hardy race, men and women, used to come down from the mountains to earn a scanty pittance by tilling the ground; and two ancient writers have preserved the same story, on the evidence of Posidonius, of the endurance of a Ligurian woman, who was working for a Massaliot farmer, and being seized with the pains of childbirth, retired into a wood to be delivered, and came back to her work, for she would not lose her hire. (Strab. iii. p. 165; Diodor. iv. 20.) It is just to add, that the employer paid the poor woman her wages, and sent her off with the child. The temperance, decency, and simplicity of Massaliot manners during their best period, before they had long been subjected to Roman rule, are commended by the ancient writers. The women drank no wine. Those spectacles, which the Romans called *Mimi*, coarse, corrupting exhibitions, were prohibited. Against religious impostors the Massaliot shut his door, for in those days there were men who made a trade of superstition. The highest sum of money that a man could get with a woman was a hundred gold pieces: he must take a wife for what she was worth, and not for her money. She had five gold pieces for her dress, and five for her gold ornaments. This was the limit fixed by the sumptuary laws. Perhaps the Massaliot women were handsome enough to want nothing more. Massalia cultivated literature, though it did not produce, as far as we know, either poets or historians. An edition (*Ελεύθερως*) of the Homeric poems, called the Massaliot edition, was used by the Alexandrine critics in settling the text of Homer. It is not known by whom this edition was made; but as it bore the name of Massalia, it may be supposed that it came from this city."

Dr. Latham's article, headed *Britannicae Insulae*, is a valuable contribution, from which we cull a section on the "origin of the word *Britannia*":—

"Supposing the Phoenicians to have been the first who informed the Greeks of a country named Britain, who informed the Phoenicians? in other words, in what language did the names *Britanni* and *Britannia* originate? The usual doctrine is that these were native terms; *i. e.*, that the occupants of the British Islands called themselves so, and were therefore so called by their neighbours. Yet this is by no means certain. The most certain fact connected with the gloss is that it was Greek before it was Roman. Whence did the Greeks get it? From one of two sources. From the Phoenicians, if they had it anterior to the foundation of Marseilles, and from the population of the parts around that city in case they got it subsequent to that event. Now, if it were Phoenician, whence came it originally? More probably from Spain than from either Gaul or Britain—in which case *Britannia* is the *Iberic* name for certain British islanders rather than the native one. It may, of course, have been native as well: whether it were so is a separate question. And if it were Massiliot (*i. e.*, from the neighbourhood of Marseilles), whence came it? Probably from the Gauls of the parts around. But this is only a probability. It may have been *Iberic* even then; since it is well known that the Iberians of the Spanish Peninsula

extended so far westward as the Lower Rhone. Hence, as the question stands at present, the presumption is rather in favour of the word being *Iberic*. Again, the *form* is *Iberic*. The termination *-tan*, comparatively rare in Gaul, abounds in the geography of ancient Iberia; *e. g.*, *Turde-tan-i*, *Carpe-tan-i*, &c. In all speculations upon the etymology of words, the preliminary question as to the language to which the word under notice is to be referred is of importance. In the present instance it is eminently so. If the root *Brit* be Gallic (or Keltic), the current etymologies, at least, deserve notice. If, however, it be *Iberic*, the philologist has been on the wrong track altogether, has looked in the wrong language for his doctrine, and must correct his criticism by abandoning the Keltic, and having recourse to the Basque. Again, if the word be *Iberic*, the *t* is not part of the root, but only an inflectional element. Lest, however, we overvalue the import of the form *-tan* being *Iberic*, we must remember that the similarly-formed name *Aqui-tan-i*, occurs in Gaul; but, on the other hand, lest we overvalue the import of this, we must remember that *Aquitania* itself may possibly be *Iberic*. Probably the word was *Iberic* and Gallic as well. It was certainly Gallic in Caesar's time. But it may have been Gallic without having been native, *i. e.*, British. And this was probably the case. There is not a shadow of evidence to the fact of any part of the population of the British Isles having called themselves *Britons*. They were called so by the Gauls; and the Gallic name was adopted by the Romans. This was all. The name may have been strange to the people to whom it was so applied, as the word *Welsh* is to the natives of the Cambro-Briton principality. Probably, too, it was only until the trade of Massilia had become developed that the root *Brit* was known at all. As long as the route was *via* Spain, and the trade exclusively Phoenician, the most prominent of the British Isles was *Ireland*. The Orphic extract speaks only to the *Iernian Isles*, and Herodotus only to the *Cassiterides*."

The longest and most elaborate article in the whole work is that of Mr. Dyer on *Roma*, extending over no less than one hundred and thirty-five pages, and preceded by a table of contents. Without presuming to deny the immense research and ability which it displays, we cannot help thinking it would more appropriately have appeared as a separate volume. Next in importance to this is the Editor's article on *Athenæ*, which more nearly corresponds to our notion of what is required in such a case, since it gives a minute account of the city and its suburbs, with numerous illustrations, and yet does not go beyond reasonable limits.

We conclude by expressing an earnest desire, that Dr. Smith will favour the public with a cheaper edition of the three Dictionaries, containing only such matter as bears directly upon classical literature and antiquity, but, at the same time, more adequate to the wants of the advanced student than his smaller Abridgments.

Journal of the Very Rev. Rowland Davies, LL.D., Dean of Ross (and afterwards Dean of Cork). From March 8, 1688-9, to September 29, 1690. Edited with Notes and an Appendix, and some account of the Author and his Family, by Richard Caulfield, B.A. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

The Irish gentleman whose diary has just been printed, from a transcript in the possession of his great-great-grandson, Rowland Davies, Esq., of Cork, was in his fortieth year when he commenced, on the morrow of St. Perpetua in one year, a journal which concludes on the morrow of St. Michael, in the year following. On the first-named day, he was sailing "out of Cork Harbour, in the Mary of Cork, Matthew Rud dock, master, with about one hundred and forty passengers on board," Protestant fugitives terri-

fed at the expected landing in Ireland of King James. On the 30th of September in the succeeding year—for the diary gives a day more than is promised in the title-page—the writer records, “this day the residue of our army began their march towards Kinsale, and the magistrates of Cork, resuming their places, proclaimed the King and Queen, and put the city into some order.” These dates include a very pretty episode in our history; and one would think that the Dean had accomplished it all, for he winds up with the self-complacent assurance,

Ecce monumentum aere perennius.

At the age of sixteen, Rowland Davies entered the University of Dublin, and at the age of twenty-two we find him in priest’s orders. In his thirtieth year he had risen to the position of Dean of Ross. Ten years later, the quiet deanery, in common with all Irish Protestant communities which remembered the massacres of 1641, was startled by the reported coming of James the Second; and the Dean of Ross, leaving his family behind him, hurried off to England, “in order to obtain some appointment in his sacred profession.” He struggled manfully, and with indifferent success. He seems to have been, for a time, what is understood by a “jobbing parson,” though he was not to be found on a Sunday at the Chapter Coffee-House, in his gown and bands, standing to be hired. He officiated in many churches, endured many disappointments, but ultimately he was nominated to a lectureship at Great Yarmouth, at 100l. a year. Subsequently, and after an attempt to procure something more to his taste, he went to Ireland, as one of King William’s regimental chaplains, in May, 1690; and, a few months later, he saw the war proceeding to that successful close which recovered for him his church preferments, gave him opportunity to gain others more valuable, procured for him the leisure to write controversial works, and enabled him to die an affluent and well-reputed man, in 1721, after bequeathing a large assortment of beds, bedding, tables, bullrush-bottomed chairs, pewter-ware, barrels and half-barrels of beer, plate, “six in-calf cows,” small annuities, a library, bonds, leases, horses, and “his own pad called Loure,” among his heirs, his servants, and the poor.

We must say for Dean Davies, that he does not appear to have been a very acute observer. He was evidently a good, common-place person, zealous in his profession, not adverse to a little cheap enjoyment at taverns, seeing no evil in quiet games of chance, ever ready to preach to, and still more ready to physic, any one who required a physician for a diseased soul or an injured body. He is more careful to register his medical practice than any other incident with which he becomes connected. The inward state of some good suffering lady is matter of more interest to him than the outward presence of any of the greatest of his contemporaries with whom he comes in contact. He reveals to you the very bowels of a choleric-afflicted widow or old maid in Great Yarmouth and elsewhere; but when business takes him to Marlborough or Ginkell, he merely records that he went, and leaves you terribly disappointed at the baldness of the information. He tells you the number of steps in the Monument, but not a word of Flamsteed’s wit or Evelyn’s wisdom. The only occasion on which he takes the trouble to give some personal description of an historical personage is when he briefly notices the coronation of William and Mary, at which he spent fourteen long hours, and in reference to which he says, “the King went stooping, but no more under the crown than under the cap of maintenance. He looked very brisk and cheerful, and the Queen abundantly more; and I pray

God preserve them.” Whether sojourning in London or resident in Yarmouth, or delivering sermons from horseback in camp, the Dean never lost an opportunity of uniting the physician with the priest.

Within a month from his arrival in town the diarist says:—“I was in consultation with Dr. Lower, Dr. Lister, and Dr. Mullen, concerning my sister Aldworth, whom they concluded to be in a consumption, and directed the white decoction—being white bread boiled in water and sweetened with white sugar and sugar of roses—for her constant drink; also goats’ milk, with some sugar, daily.” Again, soon after his arrival at Yarmouth, we find him accompanying the town apothecary “to see Mr. Ells; and made him take Cortez’ Peruvian bark, in a glass of sack, at one in the afternoon, nine at night, and three in the morning.” After a course of bark the Dean had a controversy with his patient “about the ground and danger of being a Dissenter.” Then he “visits and prescribes for Mrs. Culling’s child.” Calls on “Mrs. Harwood,—being in despair, and having discoursed and prayed with her, I had her let blood, and ordered an infusion of semina to be given to her;”—no bad preparatory remedy for a woman in religious despair. A Mrs. Patty seems to have given most trouble in the way of prayers and plaasters. He claps “two epipaster plaasters on her thighs,” bleeds her in the foot; prays and prescribes for other patients in the parish, and then back to poor Mrs. Patty,—finding whom delirious, “I ordered her abdomen to be fomented with a hysterical decoction”: waiting the effect of this, he fomented a Mr. Ferrier’s suffering stomach with a decoction of bitter herbs, earns “a crown-piece” by administering the sacrament by the way to Mrs. Pew, and then back again to his old patient,—of whom he says, “I ordered a clyster for Mrs. Patty, and a plaster to her sole, which caused a great blister, but her temper altered not by it.” Mrs. Patty, however, was not given up. She now had convulsions, “and observing the situation of the moon, I feared the return of convulsions.” Blistering followed, then an application of pigeons to her head. A regular Esculapius looked in, and prescribed narcotics, “which I opposed,” says the Dean. The pigeons were taken off her head, and “a spiced cap put on, by order of Dr. Willis, for amaraus.” With all this Mrs. Patty grew more lively; and after a vast amount of medical labour, the Dean and three other magnates went to the coffee-house, read the news from Ireland, drew comfort therefrom, and accordingly “we sat and drank four pints of sherry, and so came home and supped on sea-blown herrings.”

The Dean is tolerably daring, too, in prescribing for himself, and going to service afterwards. “This day my nose bled three drops,”—shows his self-watchfulness; but he was most happy when watching over others; and he kept Captain O’Bryan out of harm’s way, when Sarsfield was threatening William’s forces near Cullen, by giving him “a purge of rhubarb in infusion, whereby,” adds the Dean, “I was confined in obligation to attend him.”

Next to these doctorings the Dean dearly loved little social enjoyments. He was lost in admiration at Charles Davenant’s ‘Circe,’ performed at the Queen’s Theatre; was gaily mulcted of his modest sixpence at bowls; resorted, with some jolly fellows, “to Gray’s Inn, to drink some Nottingham ale, which was extremely good”; and, even after prayers and sermon, did not decline quaffing a flask of Florence with one or two companions, at the house of Mr. Milbourn, who had written a ‘Satire’ upon the people of Yarmouth, which

the Dean read, then and there, in compliment to the host. On more than one occasion we find these social and sunny flasks of Florence succeeding to prayer; or the Dean sends to Mr. Spurgeon, and they play at cards “till twelve at night.” Sometimes the little roysterings has a facetious aspect,—as, for instance, when, with a brace of jovial captains and a couple of civilians at Yarmouth, “we went in the afternoon to visit Mr. Giles Cutting, an old miser, an attorney, . . . and drank several bottles of his wine with no little satisfaction.” Then the Dean teaches tric-trac,—goes to the coffee-house after church,—and, when in London about his regimental chaplaincy, sups with the Earl of Orrery and a brilliant bevy of ladies and a jolly company of gentlemen, “where we were very merry, and stayed together until three in the morning.” We are a little more surprised to find him at “a famous bout of wrestling, at the Roebuck, in the Haymarket,” where he won a bottle of wine by backing Burton,—which was not winning much, if the wine was not more costly than that at Pontack’s, where, after being entertained at the three-shilling ordinary, he registers his act of gratitude to his entertainers, an Earl being among the number, in the words:—“After which I gave them a bottle at my expense, of one shilling and sixpence.” He frequently lost more than he spent, as we gather from a rufous morning entry of paying seven shillings, the amount of his bill at the White Swan in Lichfield, “besides ten shillings I lost last night at inn-and-inn.”

We should, however, form an erroneous idea of the Dean if we concluded from these entries that he was little interested in church matters. The contrary is the case, and we learn not a little of miscellaneous ecclesiastical detail from this Journal. The Dean was surprised to find in the city of Norwich “a church entirely thatched.” On the 6th of October, 1689, he remarks:—“This day all the aldermen (of Yarmouth) were dressed in scarlet,—and while the psalm was singing the churchwardens were employed in settling the aldermen’s wives, according to their new promotions.” This requires the explanation that the magnificent corporation potentates were seated in the gallery; their ladies were in the chapel below,—all together, according to the rank of their lords, and the arrangement was so contrived that every man might enjoy the sight of his own wife;—in order, probably, that there should be the less temptation to draw his attention from the preacher. Even in church matters, we meet with the comic side of the Dean’s character very strongly presented. On the 27th of December, 1689, he says:—“I dined at Mr. Baillif Ward’s, and found the people dissatisfied at being so long at church, until half-past twelve o’clock.” And this was the sort of discipline to which he subjected the dissentients, after remonstrance, a month later:—“I read morning prayers, and Mr. Milbourn preached; and as soon as he had done, I began the evening prayer also, before the people stirred out of church!” The Dean thought they could not have too much of it. A living bishop had more mercy on a cathedral congregation, to whom an indiscreet preacher was not only delivering an unwise but a terribly lengthy sermon; for he paused to draw breath, when the Bishop pronounced the solemn words which dismissed the grateful congregation and petrified the well-meaning mischief-maker who had been pounding at them for more than an hour. It was even such a preacher that the Dean disliked. He says of a Mr. Harley, who expected to succeed the Dean as lecturer,—“He has but one eye, and promises very little;”—and of the monocular Harley, in church, he adds: “His prayers and

sermon were mere noise and cant, his tone fanatical, and his gestures antic." Perhaps, it was not every one who liked the Dean's own sermons; for example:—"I went with Dr. Hudson to the Feathers, where he gave me a bottle of liquid laudanum and my sermon I had lent him." We suspect there was some essence of satire in the laudanum-bottle! Let us add, that these tavern meetings after church do not seem to have been considered derogatory, even by the highest clergy, and on the most solemn days. We quote as an instance the fact that on the Fast Day, in March, 1690, the Dean, being then in London, attended church twice, —with the Archbishop of Tuam in the afternoon,—subsequently to which they walked with other gentlemen in the Park, and then, says the Dean, "I waited on his Grace to the Mum House,"—where they drank that capital ale made of the malt of wheat, and thought no harm. As the Dean returned from accompanying the prelate to his lodgings,—"I met," he says, "a drunken Jacobite in St. Paul's Churchyard, who threatened to beat me for being a clergyman, and make me damn my doctrine; but I came home safe." The Jacobites, it must be remembered, were not without provocation. We see something of the latter in an entry in June, 1689:—"In the evening, as I came through the Strand, I saw the rabble about the Round House, wherein thirteen persons were committed, being apprehended as priests and Jesuits." This zeal against priests of another community does not prove an entire affection on the part of the zealots for the ministers of their own. At the village, "with a fair church, called Rugeley," the Dean records that, "here the parson was sitting in the churchyard, waiting for his people." There was more Protestant zeal in Ireland, and there was a right hearty spirit in the Dean. He would preach in any pulpit thrown open to him, and in his capacity of military chaplain, he says,—"I read prayers and preached in the meeting-house at Dumberry, to a large congregation." That was better than sitting, like the incumbent of Rugeley, at an orthodox church-door, waiting for dearly beloved brethren who declined to attend. Indeed, the Dean was a man who could not stand or sit still at any time. When he had nothing better to do, he devised "a project for a perpetual motion." What it was worth we cannot determine from Dr. Davies's own words, to the effect that he imparted the project "to Mr. Reynolds, . . . which he approved of, not being able to make an objection against it." The Dean, moreover, could be busy for others as well as for himself. He had a brother-in-law, Matthew Aldworth, a Roman Catholic, who was in prison, and suffering in mind, "for the scandal cast on him for poisoning the well at Chester." The Dean exerted himself to deliver his relations; and subsequent to his success he writes: "In the evening I visited my sister and her husband, where I had enough of Papist company, to my great dissatisfaction." Nevertheless, when in Ireland, as chaplain in William's army, he looked after the interests of his Popish relatives, as we learn from the entry (that when the property of "Papists" was being destroyed without scruple),—"We came to Thurlow very early in the morning, and immediately took care to secure all my brother Matthew's things."

Such a man had a right to look after his own small interests, some of which were very small indeed; *ex grā*, "At my return from church, Mr. Stringham visited me, and presented me with half-a-crown." Here is something better: "Supped with Lieut. Ellys and his lady, who presented me with a broad piece of gold." Again: "Mrs. Fuller brought home

the sermon I lent her, and gave me a guinea for my kindness." Common-sense advice to "goodman Belgrave's wife, who fancies that she often hears a voice directing her behaviour," gained from him the guerdon of a crown from her husband. A Major Thaxted sends him a guinea as a new-year's gift, and George England gives him "a broad piece of gold" for the same purpose; and guineas and broad pieces were put into his hand after his farewell sermon at Yarmouth. His active kindness made him popular there. Of course it had a funny side, as when he says—"In the afternoon I went to Mr. Stacey's funeral, and in the evening I supped with his widow." Still, his spirit was one of true kindness; so much so that the Yarmouth Dissenters stigmatized him as an "Arminian," because he preached that Christ's love was extensive enough to embrace the whole world; and that redemption was universal. He did not go so far as Origen, who believed in the repentance and restoration of Lucifer; nevertheless, the Yarmouth Calvinists, who felt themselves safe, by election, could not patiently tolerate his idea that after all there would perhaps be nobody damned.

As incidents of travel, we may remark that it took him two entire long days to reach Yarmouth from London by the stage in summer time. The coach "slept" at Bury St. Edmunds. A much longer time was required in winter. In either season now, the distance may be accomplished in five hours. For the coach to stick in a slough—the travellers having to walk to the next town, in the wet, was no uncommon occurrence. The fare from London to Yarmouth was 10s.; and this brings us to the subject of prices. We find the Dean buying "a mode typet" for 12s. 6d. A night-gown costs 19s.; a quire of paper 8d. A Prayer-book and New Testament, bound together, 6s. 6d. A hat and hatband 1l. 1s. 6d. A pair of gloves 3s. 6d. He gives 3l. 6s. 6d. for "four yards and a quarter for a gown," to preach in, and 14s. more for the making. For a cassock he buys three yards of cloth, at 11s. 6d., and gives 15s. for a dozen of cravats; and he says, "I bought a horse for 15l. and pawned fifteen broad pieces and paid him. I also bought four dozen handkerchiefs for 3s. 6d." The cost for dinners varies; he occasionally dined in very good company at 6d. a head, and now and then it reached as many shillings; and these varying prices were to be found at the same houses; just as at German restaurants in collegiate towns, the students can consult their pockets as well as their stomachs, and dine either for a few groschen or for a thaler.

The military incidents are narrated with great brevity;—but here is the Passage of the Boyne, by an eye-witness:—

"July 1st.—About six in the morning the Earl of Portland marched up the river almost to the bridge of Slane, with the right wing, consisting of twenty-four squadrons of horse and dragoons and six regiments of foot, and at two fords we passed the river where there were six squadrons of the enemy to guard the pass; but, at the first firing of our dragoons and three pieces of cannon that marched with us, they all ran away, killing nothing but one of our dragoon's horses. As soon as we passed the river, we saw the enemy marching towards us, and that they drew up on the side of the hill in two lines, the river on their right, and all their horse on the left wing: their foot appeared very numerous, but in horse we far exceeded. Whereupon the Earl of Portland drew us up also in two lines, intermixing the horse and foot by squadron and battalion, and sent away for more foot to enforce us; and thus the armies stood for a considerable time, an impassable bog being between them. At length six regiments of foot more joined,

and we altered our line of battle, drawing all our horse into the right wing; and so outflanking the enemy we marched round the bog and engaged them, rather pursuing than fighting them, as far as Duleek. In the interim Count Solmes, with the foot, forced the pass under our camp and marched over the river with the blue Dutch regiment of guards; no sooner were they up the hill but the enemy's horse fell on them, ours with the King being about half a mile lower passing at another ford. At the first push the first rank only fired and then fell on their faces, loading their muskets again as they lay on the ground; at the next charge they fired a volley of three ranks; then, at the next, the first rank got up and fired again, which being received by a choice squadron of the enemy, consisting mostly of officers, they immediately fell in upon the Dutch, as having spent all their front fire; but the two rear ranks drew up in two platoons and flanked the enemy across, and the rest, screwing their swords into their muskets, received the charge with all imaginable bravery, and in a minute dismounted them all. The Derry regiment also sustained them bravely, and as they drew off maintained the same ground with a great slaughter. His Majesty then came up and charged at the head of the Enniskillen horse, who deserted him at the first charge, and carried with them a Dutch regiment that sustained them; but the King's blue troop of guards soon supplied their place, and with them he charged in person and routed the enemy, and coming over the hill near Duleek appeared on our flank, and, being not known at first, made all our forces halt and draw up again in order, which gave the enemy time to rally also, and draw up on the side of the hill, a bog and river being between us, and then they fired two pieces of cannon on us, but did no mischief; but, as soon as our foot and cannon came up, they marched on, and we after them, but, our foot being unable to march as they did, we could not come up to fight again, but, the night coming on, were forced to let them go; but had we engaged half an hour sooner, or the day held an hour longer, we had certainly destroyed that army."

How the army fed may be guessed from the words, that "being Sunday (13 July) all our army halted, and by yesterday's pillage were full of beef and mutton." Pillaging, however, was punished by death, but hungry bellies forgot or defied the provost-marshal. Here, too, we have "our correspondent" describing the celebrated affair at Limerick:—

"August 27th.—We all went from Drumkeen to the camp, to see the action. I visited the Earl of Meath, and dined with Capt. Stearn, that regiment being just going into the trenches to relieve Lieut.-Gen. Douglas; but he desired not to be relieved until the action was over, that he might command and hold that post. After dinner I went to the King's camp, and was presented by Capt. O'Bryan to the Prince; soon after which the King and he rode up to the hill near the old church, and we got to the same ditch a little lower. About half an hour after three the attack began, and continued above two hours and a half. Never was any action undertaken with more bravery, nor carried on with more courage. We stormed and took the Black Fort: therein they [sprung] a mine, and blew up many of the Brandenberg regiment. We took their trenches, and mounted the breach, but were forced to retire; the barricade within it was so strong, and the place so flanked, that we could not hold it. It was a very hot service, both great and small shot firing continually on both sides. We lost many men, and had more wounded, and of them the Lord Charlemont was bruised with stones; the Earl of Meath was bruised with a stone on the shoulder, and Lieut. Blakeney wounded in the head. I was forced to come away as soon as the action was over. 28th.—This day a drum was sent to demand a parley, in order to bring off and bury the dead; but it was denied by the enemy; whereupon our cannon with bombs and carcasses played furiously, and it was generally talked that a fresh attack would be made out of hand. We lost near fifty officers. There were actually some of our men in the city, but were beaten out, being not

seconded, it being not the King's order to storm the city, but only to attack the counterscarp; by which mistake all the action miscarried. 23th.—This day a general council was held, wherein it was determined to break up the siege, and retire; and accordingly all the heavy cannon was drawn up from the battering into the artillery yard, and all things disposed accordingly for a retreat."

It will be observed that the Dean does not, like Mr. Macaulay, ascribe the retreat to the heavy rains, which, according to others, only descended later. The current of the war took our diarist to the siege of Cork, to the success of which he greatly contributed "by his knowledge of the locality. It was at his suggestion," says the Editor, "that a very strong post, still existing, was fired into from the steeple or round tower of the Cathedral, by which the Governor was killed, and other considerable execution done."

It will be seen that this Journal is not without interest as illustrative of an important, though, as far as the diary goes, a brief period. The Appendix and the Notes greatly increase the value of the book. We must, however, object to one of these notes at page 16. "I returned (from Kensington) to London, through Hyde Park, having first seen all Lord Nottingham's walks, gardens and water-houses, &c." The note makes "Lord Nottingham's" to be "at Holland House, Kensington. Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, married for his first wife Essex, daughter and co-heir of Robert Rigby, Earl of Warwick and Holland." No doubt; but the residence of the black Finches was that which is now known as Kensington Palace, which subsequently came into the possession of William by purchase from Lord Nottingham. The construction of the sentence in the diary implying that the garden was visited in a return walk from Kensington to London by Hyde Park, would also seem to point precisely to the palace garden. However, Mr. Caulfield may speak from some authority, which we might recognize had he only named it. At present we can only say, with Ariosto, *Forse era ver, ma però non credibile.*

The Rebellion in India: How to prevent Another.
By John Bruce Norton.

(Second Notice.)

We have said that Mr. Norton points out "Annexation" as the proximate cause of the present disastrous Indian revolt. Before entering upon the exposition of the arguments by which he supports this assertion, we must draw attention to a remarkable fact. The opponents of annexation are the great body of Indian statesmen, the Court of Directors, and, with but one exception of any importance, the Anglo-Indian Press; the supporters of this policy are the Board of Control, powerful portion of the English Press, and the one Indian paper, which represents what may be termed the aggressive Missionary movement. In other words, annexation is urged by those who know nothing about India, and discredited and opposed by all who possess a real knowledge of that country. The sole exception to this arrangement of parties is, as we have said, a journal whose motto is Proselytism at any price. It cannot be denied that the *Friend of India* possesses knowledge, but it is knowledge blinded by zeal.

That annexation should be popular where and with whom it is, need cause no surprise. To superficial observers extension of territory implies increase of strength, and the covetous and over-reaching spirit which is simply odious in private transactions and between individuals, acquires a statelier aspect when the things grasped at are kingdoms, and nations the

wrongers and the wronged. A little reflection, too, will explain the fact that men, who from their commanding talents and great experience ought to have been listened to with implicit faith, have received so little attention when they have spoken of the impolicy of adding to our already overgrown territories in India. It is a curious circumstance, that while every one is ready to exclaim with Apelles: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam, when his own craft or profession is touched, there is no one, however ignorant, who hesitates to give a decided opinion on those great transactions which demand the highest judgment, and are the offspring of State policy.* The jockey turns away with a contemptuous chuckle when his master favours him with instructions how to ride a race, and the passenger is silenced instantaneously who ventures to interfere with the captain in the management of his ship. But in politics the rule of *εκαστος κρίνει κακός & γνώσκει* seems not to hold, and men who have not given a moment of their time to the study of India, and who are utterly wanting in all practical acquaintance with it, have the assurance to deliver oracular opinions on the most intricate Indian questions, and what is stranger still, find their crudities meet with a patient hearing and acceptance. Add to this, that the supreme control of the Indian government has been entrusted to those who have scarcely even heard of the opinions of statesmen whose maxims ought to have been their guide, and we shall no longer wonder that the warnings of Munro and Elphinstone regarding annexation have been slighted. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to quote the opinions of the greatest men who have conquered or ruled for us our Indian Empire, on the subject of annexation, and which have been well brought together by Mr. Norton.

The Duke of Wellington writes—

"In my opinion, the extension of our territory and influence has been greater than our means. Besides, we have added to the number and description of our enemies, by depriving of employment those who have heretofore found it in the services of Tippoo and the Nizam. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we aggrandize ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas, we increase this evil, we throw out of employment and means of subsistence all who have hitherto managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies, or have plundered the country. These people become additional enemies at the same time that by the extension of our territory our means of supporting our Government and of defending ourselves are proportionably decreased."

It may be said that these remarks were intended to apply only to the particular period at which they were uttered. The Marquess Wellesley gave, however, a forcible and practical illustration of his belief in their truth when he delivered over the dominions of Tippoo, which he had just conquered, to the princes of Mysore.

But the next opinion we shall quote is of wider, or rather, we may say, of general reference. It is the opinion of Sir Thomas Munro:

"Even if all India could be brought under the British dominion, it is very questionable whether such a change, either as it regards the natives or ourselves, ought to be desired. One effect of such a conquest would be, that the Indian army, having no longer any warlike neighbours to combat, would gradually lose its military habits and discipline, and that the native troops would have leisure to feel their own strength, and, for want of other employment, to turn it against their European masters.

But even if we could be secured against every internal commotion, and could retain the country quietly in subjection, I doubt much if the condition

of the people would be better than under their native princes. The strength of the British Government enables it to put down every rebellion, to repel every foreign invasion, and to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native power enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security from domestic oppression unknown in those states; but these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable. The natives of the British provinces may, without fear, pursue their different occupations, as traders, merrassadars, or husbandmen, and enjoy the fruits of their labour in tranquillity; but none of them can aspire to anything beyond this mere animal state of thriving in peace: none of them can look forward to any share in the legislation, or civil or military government of their country. It is from men who either hold, or who are eligible to public office, that natives take their character; where no such men exist, there can be no energy in any other class of the community. The effect of this state of things is observable in all the British provinces, whose inhabitants are certainly the most abject race in India. No elevation of character can be expected among men, who, in the military lines, cannot attain to any rank above that of subadar (captain), where they are as much below an (English) ensign as an ensign is below the commander-in-chief; and who, in the civil line, can hope for nothing beyond some petty judicial or revenue office, in which they may by corrupt means make up for their slender salary. The consequence, therefore, of the conquest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, to debase the whole people. There is, perhaps, no example of any conquest, in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share of the government of their country as British India. Among all the disorders of the native states, the field is open for every man to raise himself; and hence, among them, there is a spirit of emulation, of restless enterprise and independence far preferable to the servility of our Indian subjects. The existence of independent native states is also useful in drawing off the turbulent and disaffected among our native troops."

The opinion of Mr. Elphinstone may be condensed into a few words:— "It appears to me," says that writer, "to be our interest as well as our duty to use every means to preserve the allied governments; it is also our interest to keep up the number of independent powers." Passing over the testimony of Malcolm, Metcalfe, Russell, and innumerable others, it will be sufficient to add but one more authority, and it is one which should have the greater weight as it has been sometimes wrongly adduced on the opposite side. Lord Ellenborough says:—

"Our Government is at the head of a system composed of native states, and I would avoid taking what are called rightful occasions of appropriating the territories of native states; on the contrary, I should be disposed, as far as I could, to maintain the native states; and I am satisfied that the maintenance of the native states, and the giving to the subjects of those states the conviction that they were considered permanent parts of the general Government of India, would materially strengthen our authority. I feel satisfied that I never stood so strong with my own army as when I was surrounded by native princes—they like to see respect shown to their native princes. These princes are sovereigns of one-third of the population of Hindostan; and with reference to the future condition of the country, it becomes more important to give them confidence that no systematic attempt will be made to take advantage of the failures of heirs to confiscate their property, or to injure in any respect those sovereigns in the position they at present occupy."

Having made these quotations, we proceed now to state the most important grounds on which the above opinions are based, for the most part, as they are developed by Mr. Norton.

First, our territories are already so extensive

as to be out of all proportion to the European superintendence we can afford to give them. Even in the districts which have been long administered by us, and which form the most central part of our dominions, the number of Englishmen as compared with the natives is so absurdly small as to be almost incredible. Thus, in the two Collectorates, or Provinces, of Tinnevelly and Madura, with a population which amounts, in round numbers, to 3,000,000, there are but little more than 100 Englishmen, including the judges and magistrates, the officers of a sepoy regiment, the Europeans of a detachment of foot artillery, some cotton planters and merchants, and the missionaries belonging to three missionary societies. But, in remoter districts, this disproportion becomes even more remarkable. Let one instance suffice. It is that of a province with a million-and-a-half of inhabitants, in which the British Government is represented by three civilians and the officers of one native corps. The result of such a state of things is, that, with the most indomitable energy and perseverance, and labouring from before dawn till sunset, the exhausted European official is unable to accomplish a tithe of his impossible task. It has happened that, in spite of exertions which soon break down the strongest constitution, the English officer has looked about him and found parties who have been three years waiting to obtain even a hearing. With such inadequate supervision, can it be wondered at that our police system is utterly corrupt, and that the ryots languish under the oppression of those whose duty it is to protect them? The Indian Civil Service has been accused of neglect and indifference in not preventing certain cruelties and mal-practices of their native staff, which have been brought to light. As well might an English Judge be accused of indolence and neglect were all the fiscal and administrative responsibilities of a large English county heaped upon his shoulders in addition to his present duties, and he should then be unable to prevent extortion or cruelty on the part of some petty official at a spot fifty miles distant from the scene of his own labours. Our soldiers are equally overtaxed with our civilians. The Madras Army in particular have long been dissatisfied with the amount of duty thrust upon it. Not long ago, the Sipahis of a regiment, immediately on landing from Burmah, were, without a moment's respite, placed on guard. One of them blew out his brains, exclaiming that death was preferable to such slavery.

But, secondly, the native princes, chiefs and great *zamindars*, are the only medium through which it is possible to sway the prodigious population of Hindustan. Whatever enthusiastic philanthropists may think, it is impossible, in a region so vast, and with such a handful of *employés*, to reach the hearts of the masses. There are hundreds of thousands in India now, who have never seen the face of a European, and millions who have the most false and absurd notions respecting us. Further, ancient prejudices, a singular and fantastic creed, and the difference of language, manners, dress, religion—in short, of everything—renders them unimpressible by our matter-of-fact notions. The most that can be expected from the people generally is, that they will be passive, and not molest Europeans unless they are of opinion that there is something to be got by it and punishment can be evaded. It is otherwise with the native princes:—they have experienced our power; some of them have visited this country; they can estimate—perhaps, they even magnify—our resources. We are sure of their support as long as we do not drive them to desperation by our injustice. Examples of

either policy are before us. On the one hand, but for the King of Oude, the Rajas of Bithoor and Jhansi, and the King of Delhi, this revolt never would have taken place, or would have been crushed in the bud; on the other, but for the Rajas of Jheend and Patteela, Sindha, Holkar, and other chiefs, our power would ere this almost have ceased to exist.

Thirdly, the existence of native princes is a mark of nationality which it would be wise to retain. Up to the present time we have held India with the consent of its inhabitants by a native army and leaving intact many great provinces under native rulers, whom we called, and who were proud to call themselves, our allies. If the mischievous suggestions, which are now daily put forth, should be listened to; if our native army is to be superseded entirely by Europeans, if the native princes are to be dethroned, and the people entirely disarmed, we shall descend at once from the grand position of the governors of freemen into the odious circumstances of despots over countless myriads of serfs. The sway of this country over India will then be like that of Austria over Italy, or Russia over Poland, and will have the same hateful and debasing results. Nay, the evil will be greater in proportion, as the difference of race is more marked, and the despotism would be necessarily more absolute and severe. Better a thousand times the rude freedom and hereditary courage of the people of Oude than the abject cringing of the Bengalese. And this remark leads us to notice briefly the most unjustifiable of all our annexations. To use Mr. Norton's words, "Oude, as it is the last, so it is the most scandalous and the most fatal of all our aggressions." A very few words will suffice to cut from under our feet every shadow of pretext for this most wanton usurpation. With regard to the Kings of Oude, Lord Dalhousie distinctly says:—

"The rulers of Oude, however unfaithful they may have been to the trust confided to them—however gross may have been their neglect, however grievous their misgovernment of the people committed to their charge—have yet ever been *faithful* and *true in their adherence to the British power*. *No wavering friendship has ever been laid to their charge*. They have long acknowledged our power, have submitted without a murmur to our supremacy, and have aided us as best they could in the hour of our utmost need."

With regard to the people, Mr. Halliday writes:—“The administration of justice is nowhere alleged to be worse in Oude than it is *within our own districts*; and it could not be possible, in the most barbarous country in the world, to discover anything more atrocious as a system than is laid open in the recent report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice of torture in the territories of Madras.”

Surely this evidence is enough, especially when we see that the whole kingdom has risen as one man against us. It is further to be remembered that the annexation of Oude was distinctly guarded against by the treaty of 1837, in which it was provided that in case of such misrule as rendered our interference necessary, the Government should be held for a period only by us, and then restored to the sovereign or his heirs. Lord Dalhousie, under instructions from the Board of Control, pretended that this treaty had not been ratified by the Court of Directors, although the refusal of their assent had never been notified to the King of Oude. To use Lord Dalhousie's words, as quoted by Mr. Norton,—

“The effect of this reserve, and want of full communication, is felt to be embarrassing. It is the more embarrassing, that the cancelled instrument was still included in a volume of treaties which was published, in 1843, by the authority of Government.

There is no better way of encountering this difficulty than by meeting it full in the face!”

We have gone thus far with Mr. Norton, and have expressed our concurrence with most of his reasoning, but we must utterly withhold our assent from his final conclusions. His panacea is to replace the judges and magistrates of the Company with English lawyers, and to abolish the Court of Directors and hand over the whole power to the Board of Control,—that Board of Control to which we owe the two greatest disasters that ever befell this country, the Afghan War and the present Indian revolt. Mr. Norton is himself a lawyer, and we must say that nothing but the blindness of professional zeal could make any one think that English law would be acceptable to the people of India. The substitute he proposes for the Court of Directors is thus described:—

“Let there be a single Chamber for the Government of India. Let its composition include all the elements of theoretical statesmanship and practical experience. Let the best heads that England and India can furnish be seen around its board. Let the principal members of the Ministry be members *ex officio*. Let those of the retired Indian Civil and Military Services who have won the most distinguished reputation be their colleagues. Let some of the independent professions, men who have acquired fame and fortune in India, be associated with them. Let their deliberations be as public as is consistent with safety; let their ordinary transactions be communicated to the Press; let them be immediately responsible to Parliament; and we shall have a really efficient Government for India.”

Has Mr. Norton looked at the Court of Directors as at present constituted? It seems to us identical with that he proposes. It consists of five military officers, who have all held distinguished appointments in India,—of six civilians, of whom one has acted as Governor-General and three have had seats in Council, two in the Supreme Council and one in that of Bombay,—of three lawyers, of whom one has been Chief Judge of Bengal and one Advocate-General of that Presidency,—and of four other members, of whom three are the heads of great banking-houses and one is a retired officer of the Indian naval service and is now at the head of the Trinity House in this country. We do not see how the Court could be better or more equitably composed. There is certainly not a man in it who may not fairly be thought to know more about Indian matters than any President of the Board of Control since Lord Ellenborough. On the whole, we are inclined to think the latter part of Mr. Norton's book ill considered, and to reply to his suggestion for the transfer of power to the President of the Board of Control, (or in the proposed Chamber the President would be omnipotent,) with the memorable words of the Oude cultivator when he was asked by Bishop Heber if he wished his government to be superseded by that of the Company: “Of all calamities, Heaven preserve us from that!”

A July Holiday in Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia. By Walter White. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. White seems to think that, because a bookseller at Frankfort told him that “no one ever goes to Bohemia,” he has, by having visited a few of the localities in that country, established a claim to be considered a traveller, and he publishes his tour as if the matter related to Central Africa or the wilds of Cathay.

But who has traversed Bohemia during summer without falling in with crowds of tourists? Are not the Riesengebirge, which divide Silesia from Bohemia as well known as Chamouni or the St. Gothard? Why the rocks of Adersbach

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within the Bohemian frontier, are so tourist-trodden that the gates which shut in their labyrinthine wonders are only opened by a silver key. Itinerant musicians of all degrees of wretchedness torture the ear at every corner of your path, and the very brooks are constrained to flow in prescribed channels, in which they are dammed, to be let loose—for a consideration. Mr. White must be very ignorant of the course of tourists if he supposes Bohemia to be *terra incognita* to that large class, hundreds of whom have explored it under the guidance of ubiquitous "Murray." Therefore, let no one hope to find new ground in Mr. White's companionship. His route led him through Würzburg and Carlsbad, which are described in guide-book fashion. From the latter town he walked to Prague, of which romantic old city we are given stereotyped descriptions. From

Prague our tourist went over the beaten track of the Elbe to Tetschen, and ascended Schneekoppe, on the summit of which mountain he must have found that the Frankfort bookseller indulged in a slight myth, for, says Mr. White,

"Here, on the top of Schneekoppe, you find the appliances of luxury and elegance as well as of comfort. Many kinds of provisions, good wine, and beer of the best. A bazaar of crystals, carvings, Rübezahl's heads, and mountain staves. Beds for fifty guests, and Strohlager (straw-lairs) for fifty more, besides music and other amusements, make up a total which satisfies most visitors. Do not, however, expect a room to yourself, for each chamber contains four beds, in one of which you will have to sleep or accept the alternative of straw. I heard no demur to these arrangements: in fact, most of the guests seem to like throwing off conventionalities of the nether world while up among the clouds. For water—that is, to drink—you pay the price of beer, and with a disadvantage; seeing that, from being kept in beer-casks, its flavour is beerly. The company, though German, is very mixed: specimens of the men and women-kind from many parts of Germany. Here are Brealauers, who will say *cha* for *ja*: Berliners, who—cockneys of another sort—give to all their *g's* the sound of *y*—converting *green* into *green, goose* into *duoch*, *gobble* into *yobble*: Bremeners, whose Low Dutch has a twang of the Northumbrian burr; besides, Saxons, Hanoverians, Mecklenburgers, and a happy couple, who told me they came from Gera—a principality about the size of Rutlandshire. Flat faces and round faces are the most numerous. The Silesians betray themselves by an angular visage and prominent chin. 'Every province in Prussia,' says Schulze to Müller, 'has its peculiarity, or property, as they call it. Thus, for example, Pomerania is renowned for stubbornness; East Prussia for wit; the Rhineland for uprightness; Posen for mixed humour; the Saxon for softness; the Westphalian for hams and *Pumpernickel*; and Silesia, for good nature.' And here, on the highest ground in all North Germany, you may any day between Midsummer and Michaelmas bring the humorous philosopher's observations to the test."

Of Adersbach, which, hackneyed though it be, is sufficiently romantic and remarkable to stir a tourist of even the dullest imagination, we have a very poor account.

From Adersbach Mr. White passed into Silesia, his principal object being to visit Herrnhut, the head-quarters of the Moravians. Here he felt a very natural and laudable desire to "know something more of the history of Herrnhut"; but, forgetting that this has been frequently told, he adds, "I partly gratify it in the present chapter"—taking it for granted that his readers are ignorant of the history of the place and of its Moravian occupants.

According to the promise held out on the title-page and chapter-heads, we should now have some account of our author's wanderings in Saxon and Saxon Switzerland, but we only find a catalogue of places visited.

Before closing this unsatisfactory book, we

feel bound to add that Mr. White's dry descriptions are occasionally interspersed by wranglings with officials respecting his passport. To a landlord who, in the exercise of his duty, demanded his passport, he replied that he saw no reason why he should give up the document, "and therefore shouldn't"; and when the landlord suggested that "the *gendarme* would come," Mr. White retorted, "Let him come. He will find at least one honest man under your roof." Surely such a display is as unwise as it is ridiculous. Mr. White apparently has yet to learn that the passport nuisance is not the creation of landlords or *gendarmes*; and he is not a wise traveller who sets the laws of a country at defiance by quarrelling with the officers by whom they are executed.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Russell's History of Modern Europe Epitomized. (Routledge & Co.)—It is a safe rule to distrust all epitomes of old books; but Russell's History was not worth epitomizing. The editor of the volume before us, however, presents it with mild assurance as "forming a complete text-book of modern history, as well as a perfect treasury of facts, dates, important events," &c. It is no such thing. The historical student could not rely upon a more loose, clumsy, and untrustworthy abridgment. "The entire work has been submitted to the most careful revision," we are told. We are sorry to find few traces of it. Dr. Russell's historical fallacies are reproduced in all their feeble assumption, and the stories of the Civil War, the Restoration, and the second Revolution, are narrated as though the literature of English history had received no new contributions for forty years. The French Revolution, of course, is similarly maltreated. The original "historian," however, is surpassed by his editor, whose account of Continental events, from 1848 to the Peace of Paris, is a piece of the most unworthy, ragged, and useless compilation. So far from recommending such a volume as this as a manual for "the general reader, the student, and the schoolboy," we warn the first against its dullness, and the last against its absurdity; to the student we need not say a word.

Shells and Shell Guns. By J. A. Dahlgreen. (Tribner & Co.)—In this volume an American ordnance officer has collected the results of considerable professional research, and of experiments conducted upon a systematic plan at Washington. The details are for the most part technical, but even to the unprofessional reader they will be interesting. Commander Dahlgreen adopts a clear, popular style of explanation, as little as possible embarrassed by obscure terms. From a preliminary statement of the dimensions and ranges of the United States Navy cannon, he passes to the mode of obtaining ranges, and then proceeds to discuss the dimensions and weight of shells, the composition of fuzes, the power of penetration in oak targets and ships' sides of shot and shell,—the armament of batteries, and criticisms on the incidents of the Russian war. Some of the conclusions presented are very much at variance with the ordinary views of the service; but Commander Dahlgreen, in all confidence, submits them to the profession. The work is one for scientific and not for literary criticism.

The Life and Journals of the Rev. Daniel West, Wesleyan Minister and Deputation to the Wesleyan Mission Stations on the Gold Coast, Western Africa. By the Rev. Thomas West. (Hamilton & Co.)

Mr. West was a Wesleyan missionary, who, in the earlier years of his life, preached at Ayr, Houghton-le-Spring, South Shields, Hull, Liverpool, Sheffield, London, and Birmingham, and afterwards in Africa, at the various stations on the western coast. He held intercourse with the chiefs and people of Ashantee, Domanasie, Cape Coast, Lagos, and other little native kingdoms. The narrative of his life and labours will, of course, chiefly interest the religious community to which the author belongs; it is written with loving fervour, but few, except the personal friends of Mr. West, will

and extracts should have been omitted,—not as objectionable, but as purely and intentionally commonplace. Little Willie was no doubt glad to have a letter from his father, promising to tell him "lots of things about warriors, wild beasts, monkeys, alligators, parrots, kings, and tigers," but it is a mistake to preserve this sort of family correspondence.

Random Sketches; or, Notes of European Travel in 1856. By Rev. John E. Edwards, A.M. (New York, Harper Brothers; London, Low & Co.)

There are three very marked styles of books of travel. First, those whose correctness of description and elegance of language satisfy our understandings and charm our taste, which we linger over as we read them, then place amid our classics to take out and contemplate at times as we would a bright gem of intrinsic value. Secondly, those books which, though full of exaggeration and perhaps inaccuracy, yet draw us on by their buoyant humour, and when once galloped through, are thrown aside with a feeling of gratitude for the cheering laughs they have given us. Then follow those prudent publications tracing out the material groundwork of travel, and laying down regulations by following which can be avoided, as much as possible, the traps and snares placed for the verdant tourist, where comfortable or rough quarters, easy or hard roads, with the cash expenditure thereon required, are considerably shown us before starting. The "Random Sketches" belong to neither of these three, therefore till all such upon the same subjects are extinct, we do not particularly recommend the perusal of them, with the exception of the Preface. The Grand Tour seems enveloped in an embroidery of *l. s. d.*, and we think it admirably answers the purpose of a delicate hint to the members of Mr. Edwards's American congregation (perhaps he is a pet person) that no more pleasing "testimonial" could be offered him than liberal orders for copies of his work; but we fear that "writing up" and sending us his very commonplace and hap-hazard impressions of England, Ireland, and Scotland, (in one volume!) with continual pokes at "John Bull" and vindications of slavery, will not meet with that "return" he seems to think it so reasonable they should. Perhaps his chief "impression" of John Bull was that "a fool and his money are easily parted."

A Complete Concordance to the Poetical Works of Milton. By Guy Lushington Prendergast. (Madras, Pharaoh & Co.)—Mr. Prendergast has compiled this "Concordance" from the edition by Sir Egerton Brydges, in six volumes duodecimo, printed by Macrone in 1835; but, of course, the references to books and lines are applicable to any edition.

Of such a work it is unnecessary to say much. It seems complete, so far as we have tested it, and of its utility there can be no doubt. The "Concordance" fills 416 quarto pages, printed in close double columns, but Mr. Prendergast has not numbered the words. The name of Adam occurs in 110 lines, that of Eve in 105. Milton's language—evidently sorted and catalogued as it is here, the word "angel" lying in heaps, and "globous," hanging like a solitary cloud—is a treasury of riches, it is all gold and jewelry; what is not massive is brilliant; what has not "Doric delicacy" has more than Doric grandeur. Mr. Prendergast, in preparing this "Concordance" for the use of literary students, has performed a very meritorious labour, for which we think he will feel rewarded when it takes its place among the standard manuals of English literature,—a book not to be superseded.

The Danube and the Black Sea: Memoirs on their Junction by a Railway between Tchernavoda and a Free Port at Kustendjie. By Thomas Forester. (Stanford.)—The object of the railway and port proposed by Mr. Forester and his coadjutors is to open an easy communication between the Danube, where it is at all times navigable, and the Black Sea. For nearly 100 miles above its embouchure the river is so circuitous and contracted that the navigation is attended with difficulty and danger, and is practicable only to vessels of very small tonnage. What is suggested is to take advantage of the great interior waterway down as far as Tchernavoda and

disagree with us in thinking that some of the letters

thence, avoiding a long détour, to substitute land carriage to the coast—by a railway forty miles long, linking the Danube to a safe and commodious harbour on the Black Sea. Kustendje is an ancient and still frequented roadstead. Tchernavoda is a town on the river, and the line would traverse a slip of level country along the course of the Karasu lakes—themselves now available for commercial purposes. It is anticipated that a vast traffic would pass over this narrow territory, there being little objection to the necessity of breaking bulk at Tchernavoda, since, at the Sulina mouth, it is necessary to do this in order to transfer the merchandise from small river craft to sea-going vessels. At Kustendje there will be extensive quays and breakwaters, constructed from the quarries between Karasu and Hassautchir, and at Cape Shabla. Mr. Forrester enters into a number of interesting details connected with the geography, resources, and military capabilities of the region of the Danube, and his volume will, doubtless, attract considerable public attention to the objects in view.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy. Translated from the German of Dr. Krüger by J. Holzamer (Law).—This is a series of the plainest facts, told in the plainest way, and described by the plainest experiments. It is a very good first seventy pages of common things.

Some publications lie on our table which claim only a word of announcement:—*The People's Blue Book, Taxation as it is, and as it ought to be*,—issued by Messrs. Routledge.—*Letters on Temperance*, by Eliphilet Nott, with an Introduction by Taylor Lewis, and edited by Amasa M'Coy.—*A Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone, Earthen, and Vegetable Materials in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy*, by W. R. Wilde,—and, from the colony of Victoria, a second official *Meteorological Report, with Diagrams of Barometric Pressure*, “presented to both Houses of Parliament by his Excellency's command.” Lord Eustace Cecil, of the Coldstream Guards, has occupied himself in a way not common among gentlemen “of the Coldstream Guards.” He has compiled, in forty small pages, a recapitulation of *Dates, Battles, and Events of Modern History*, beginning with the arrival of the Saxons in England, and ending with the peace of 1856. It is a useful and meritorious little work. From Königsberg we have a reprint of Dr. J. Horetz's *Lecture on Menander*—[*Die Lebensweisheit des Komiten Menander*], published at the request of the lecturer's friends,—from Dublin, Mr. Kemble's *Address to the President and Members of the Royal Irish Academy*,—and from Edinburgh, *Australia may be an extensive Wine-growing Country*, by Mr. J. King, of Irrawang. Mr. W. Kernaghan, of Chicago, supplies some interesting facts connected with *Hudson's Bay and Red River Settlement*,—and Mr. Thomas Hopley a forcible argument on the value of *Bodily Exercise*,—while a *Summary of the Case in Reference to the London and North-Western Company's Breach of their Agreement with the Sheffield Company* is purely special, and addressed to a sectional class of readers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Archbold's *Parish Law*, 3rd edit. 12mo. 10s. cl. Archbold's *Peer Law*, 3rd edit. 9th edit. 12mo. 28s. cl. Boys' and Girls' Companion for Leisure Hours, Vol. 1, 3s. 6d. cl. Casquet of *Lyric Gems*, 3s. 6d. bds. Cowper's *Analecta Nicena*, 3s. 6d. awd. Davidson's *Precedents in Conveyancing*, Vol. 2, Part 1, 2d edit. 21s. DelaMotte's *Practical Photography*, 2d edit. ex. 3vo. 4s. 6d. swd. Dene's *Clouds and Colors*, 12mo. 1s. cl. Evil Deeds and Evil Consequences, 3s. 6d. cl. Grossmith's *Amputations and Artificial Limbs*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Haberan on Diseases of the Alimentary Canal, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Harland's *Moë Side*, fc. 8vo. 1s. bds. History of the Royal Engineers, from 1660—'57, by Alfred, 2 vols. 21s. Hood's *Treatment of Small Pox*, post 8vo. cl. Howe's *Thoughts for the Devout*, by Hine, post 8vo. 2s. cl. Johnston's *A Woman's Preaching for Woman's Practice*, 2s. awd. Lee's *Illustration of Holy Scripture*, 2d edit. 8vo. 14s. bds. Leland's *Itinerary*, edited by Eastwick, 2d edit. 10s. 6d. Metham's (Mass. M. C. M. M.) *Notes on the Monks of the Isle of Wight*, 12mo. 1s. cl. Morris's *History of British Birds*, Vol. 6, royal 8vo. 17s. cl. Newton's *Cardiphonia*, with *Essay by Russell*, new edit. 3s. cl. Nolan's *History of the War against Russia*, 3 vols. royal 8vo. 45s. Outward Bound, by the Author of “*Battlin the Rester*,” 2s. bds. Phillips and Davies' *Handbook of Mining and Metallurgy*, 12mo. 6s. cl. Practice Paris Guide, 12mo. 1s. awd. Preacher's Portfolio, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds. Robinson's *Gothic Adaptation from Nature*, 4th 21s. cl. Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing*, 2d edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Taylor's *Book of Dying*, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 3s. cl. Testaments New and Old, 2 vols. 12mo. 1s. cl. Webb's Annotations on D'Aubigné's *Early British Church*, 2d. ed. West's (Rev. Daniel) *Life and Journals*, by West, post 8vo. 5s. cl. American *Imports*.

Annual Report of Secretary of State on Foreign Commerce, '56. 28s. *Flora and Commercial Relations of U. S. & Foreign Nations*, Vol. 3, 42s. *First Monograph of the *Phragmites**, post 8vo. 6s. cl. Olof's *Song and Impres*, Chinese and African Sugar Canes, &c. Patent Office Reports, 2s. Mechanics, 1 vol. Agriculture, 1 vol. 2s.

OCTOBER 7TH, 1857.

“Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth? The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth.”—ISAIAH.

VOICES are ringing from every steeple;

“Voices, heart echoed, and seeming to say,

“Hearken, O Islands!” and “gather the People With fasting, and weeping, and mourning,” to-day.

“Come and sit in the Dust,” ye that dwell in high places;

“Come and sit in the Dust,” ye of humbler clay; Common, for once, is the work of the races, Rich and poor are made equal by sorrow to-day.

Where now are the Shrines ye delighted to crowd to, False Faith to false Deities loving to pay, The Idols ye sacrificed, trusted, and bowed to,

What will Mammon or Moloch do for you, to-day?

Be simple, ye Wise!—say they to us—and borrow Of true Faith, for a season, your staff and your stay;

Cease adding, ye Rich! house to house,—till to-morrow,

Ye have work in which money can't help you to-day!

Be humble, ye Strong! Did they—doubt ye?—their duty,

Those, your brethren in arms? Are ye stouter than they?

Tread softly, ye Lovely of earth! What did beauty, But add gall to the cup ye are draining to-day.

“Turn ye, my People! Peace yet shall be given”—Peal the voices anew,—“Kneel like Children and pray,

Saints that have suffered draw Sinners to Heaven! Lives are bought by such Deaths as ye mourn for to-day.”

Oct. 7, 1857.

ALFRED WATTS.

MANIN.

In Memoriam.

Peace, noble, broken heart!—to live afar From thy lost Venice, was it not to die?

So bleak the shelter of our Northern sky,

So sternly cold, its warmest evening star;

Patient, alone, forsaken after war

By comrades frenetic who passed thee by, Or called thee recreant for the wisdom high Which said “No crime our righteous cause shall mar”!

Gone hence!—gone home!—Yea: on the calm lagoon

Thy spirit yet shall make Venetians bold,

Who while they wait to see the yellow moon

Make their worn city glorious as of old,

Shall sing thy deeds to some heroic tune,

And pray for place near thine, in Freedom's Book of Gold!

H. F. C.

CASTLE RISING.

How the wind shrieks round the turret,

How the rain gleams in the hall;

How the blight in Castle Rising

Chills the wild-flowers on the wall;

How the summer, if with laughter

She have strolled there once to play,

Crossed and thwarted by the shadows,

Loses heart, and turns away:

For there's naught in Castle Rising

Glad to see or sweet to hear,

And the sea-wind makes a moaning,

Sad as autumn, all the year.

Once soft-footed deer paced silent

In the twilight alleys green,

When the Norman earl rode proudly,

Leading home his bride a queen:

Once the mirth of lute and viol

Stirred the echoes of the place:

Once the nightingales by moonlight

Sang sweet answers in the chace.

Then, blank centuries fell round it,

And the light of falling stars,

And a queen looked looks of passion

From behind grim prison bars;

Heard no trumpets, feared no battle,

Recked not wind or wailing wave,

Saw through sunlight, saw through darkness,

But one sight—a lover's grave.

Is't the storm round Castle Rising

That hath quenched the watchlight pale?—

Snapped the strings of lute and viol, Hushed the restless nightingale?—For the wind wails round the turret, And the rain gleams in the hall, And, like snow a-down the gateway, Sinks and dies the last footfall.

T. B.

A PILGRIMAGE TO OVERSTRAND.

September 24.

I have lately been a sojourner on the “*marram*” hills,—that is, the sand-hills bound together with “*marram*,” or bent,—of the north-eastern corner of Norfolk, and beg to be allowed to direct attention to a little secluded spot in that district which has some peculiar claims to notice.

My head-quarters were in Cromer, a town which lives in a perpetual state of siege. The contentious waves of the Northern Sea come full dash against it. In summer they spend their force in play upon the hard sands; but winter sees another sight, and when hounded on by a north-wester, old Ocean seems as if about to inclose Cromer and all its belongings in a watery embrace. Battlements have been thrown up in the town's defence, and as yet they are effectual; but ere these measures of protection were taken, Shipden, a parish which stood in the old time between Cromer and the sea, had disappeared, and even now, east and west of Cromer, where the coast is unbattlement, many a rood of good barley-growing land is yearly washed down “The Devil's Throat,” the uncomplimentary but significant name of the Cromer roadstead. Off at sea, when the tide is low, you may behold, as you sail over them, the ruins of Shipden Church; and, if you are imaginative, may hear the waves sing anthems in its well-washed nave. Its tower, no longer ivy-mantled, is now covered with luxuriant sea-weed, which gracefully rises and falls, contracts and spreads itself out to the movements of the ebb and flow. The country around Cromer approaches more nearly to the picturesque than any other part of Norfolk. It abounds with charming spots. There is Fellbrigg, with many glorious beeches, and a quaint old hall, which has a parapet wall, not perforated in the form of balustrades, but in that of good Roman capital letters, which proclaim from the house-top, “*GLORIA DEO IN EXCELSIS*.” Fellbrigg Church contains monuments to Wyndham the Admiral, and Wyndham the Secretary of State, and a fine brass to Simon de Fellbrigg, a royal standard-bearer of the older time. As a contrast to the smooth shades of Fellbrigg, the plantations of Sheringham have the roughness of the wilderness; and the Runton beacon—still another contrast—looks out over an expanse of heath now brilliant in blossoms of three several kinds and colours. The Lion's Mouth, a sombre, woody dell, is rich in strong lights and shades, as well as in varieties of ferns, whilst Beeston Common attracts enthusiastic searchers for water plants, who may be seen creeping home again to Cromer, carrying about their clothes and persons manifest evidences that their specimens of sun-dew, lady's tresses, grass of Parnassus, and other dwellers in the marsh, have actually been obtained from the swamp itself. Gunton and Blickling, Trimingham Beacon, around which no less than forty towers of churches crowd into the view, and many other choice spots might be enumerated, but that to which I desire to direct attention is the little church at Overstrand. Under the protection of the Lighthouse Hill, this simple little temple rests secure from the encroaching sea, the thunder of which can there scarcely be heard. The nave, with the common Norfolk square tower, here used as a porch, are the only portions of the fabric now devoted to service; and they constitute a church which, in point of size, reminds one of the little fabrics at St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight, and Sudeley, in Gloucestershire, although certainly somewhat larger than either of them. The chancel arch is filled up with rough wall masonry, perforated with a window which would have satisfied a churchwarden at the commencement of this century. Eastward from the arch the chancel lies in ruins. How comes it, let me ask, by the way, that so many of the chancels in this country are mere ruins? At Overstrand

the water ornate moved, broken of them an air the centre Fowell vase of renewed of survival harmonies energetic with the does not spot standing, and almost people. The gate ground reigned favouritism of strange only ten of two little: the other Gurney. These most a world first no established genetically to promote Both now follow district workers. She was in saddle. The eye the rain Which is near the grace the feet Thus far dear The cold Among observe almost deeds. doings of Mis evident her stir to Head of a lake. Miss the new about acquire her traits evidence her leave philant gave her that silence every foreignness, M. the pit intended prepared were ready the me but, ge in the neighbor ladies

the walls remain, but everything that had any ornament, or value, or that could easily be removed, has been taken away. Ivy covers the broken walls, and hangs down from various parts of them in pendent tresses. Ruin as it is, it has an air solemn, but not desolate. A plain slab near the centre marks the resting-place of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. On the simple stone I found a vase of brilliant flowers, and was told that they are renewed almost daily by the affectionate tenderness of surviving friends. The brightness of their tints harmonizes with the warm-heartedness of the most energetic of modern philanthropists, not less than with the ardour of his Christian hopes. But he does not rest alone. Within sight of this secluded spot stands North Repps Cottage,—a simple residence, sheltered by an adjacent eminence, and standing embowered among trees which overhang and almost inclose it. On the lawn you will perceive a multitude of birds and animals,—partridges, pheasants, rabbits, cats, dogs, chickens, and hares, all at liberty and sporting fearless and undisturbed; a piece of water near at hand is peopled with broods of various kinds of water-fowl. The gates are open, any one may pass through the grounds, but confident in the kindness which has long reigned throughout that domain, none of these favourites are in the least disturbed by the sight of strangers. Alas! these favourites are now the only tenants. North Repps Cottage was the abode of two ladies, of whom the world has heard but little: one a sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the other, and the younger of the two, a Miss Gurney, a cousin of Mrs. Fry and Lady Buxton. These ladies passed here lives of the purest and most active benevolence. They did not quit the world from any feeling of misanthropy, nor from any notion of the merit of mortification; they established themselves near to relatives, and energetically devoted wealth and time, in partnership, to promote the welfare of the people around them. Both now rest from their labours, but their works follow them. Go where you will throughout the district, you hear of them as having been active workers for good. Miss Buxton was the leader. She was thus sketched by Miss Gurney:—

In saddening memory's magic glass, that placid men I see,
The eye which, speaking love to God, spoke tenderness to
me;
The mind within the house of clay, intense, acute, and clear,
Which poured a tide profusely round of blessings far and
near.
The graceful form she wore on earth, so exquisitely frail,
The welcome winning smile that played around those
features pale;
Thus fancy paints her as she was, that more than sister
dear,
The cold reality returns, and all is lone and drear.

Amongst the poorer classes, it is curious to observe how the striking beauty of her person has almost outlived the memory of her specific good deeds. They will talk willingly of the more recent doings of her surviving friend, but when speaking of Miss Buxton, they are sure to remind you, with evident admiration, of the grace which was one of her striking characteristics. "She might have gone to Heaven unchanged," was the assurance to me of a labouring man.

Miss Gurney occupied a niche in the gossip of the newspapers on the occurrence of her death about three months ago. Her facility in the acquirement of languages was commemorated, and her translation of the Saxon Chronicle adduced as evidence of the literary use to which she applied her learning; but on the spot you hear only of the philanthropic uses of her peculiar faculty,—how she gave herself up to the study of languages in order that she might correspond on subjects of benevolence with natives of distant countries, and with every one in his mother-tongue; and how when foreign ships were wrecked in the dangerous Foulness, Miss Gurney was on the cliff's edge during the pitiless pelting of the storm, energetically superintending a Manby's apparatus, which she kept prepared for use, and ready to comfort those who were rescued from an ocean grave, not only with the means applicable to their physical condition, but, generally speaking, even in kind words uttered in the language of their native lands. For the neighbouring fishermen and their families these ladies established schools and classes, which they

personally superintended. The chair in which they successively sat in the little gallery of Overstrand Church, by the side of these school-children, stands there a relic as venerable as the chair of St. Peter,—but, alas! unoccupied by any successor. Day by day, men and women, boys and girls, were allured to North Repps Cottage, and brought within the sphere of its practical and unaffected benevolence. The young girls fell naturally under notice, but the general voice seems to intimate that the village-boys were even still more peculiarly the objects of Miss Gurney's regard. Morning, noon, and night, whenever the other occupations of the villagers permitted, and on Sunday at stated times all day long, there was sure to be something going on at the cottage. At breakfast-time the girls assembled and were fed as well as taught; later in the day came the boys; later still the men and women. And no one was sent empty away. There was a word of kindness or encouragement for every one, and, if it was needed, there was 'active help.' "You see," remarked a fisherman who had often benefited by Miss Gurney's kindness, "Miss Gurney had seen a deal of the world, and knew what could be done and what could not; and if a poor man wanted anything, she would either show him why it could not be had, or if she thought it right, she would never rest until he had it." And all this, it is remembered, was accomplished under the pressure of an amount of bodily helplessness which would have precluded a weaker and less energetic mind from even attempting any exertion.

When I looked into the ruined chancel of Overstrand, where these ladies lie in the same vault with the emancipator of our slaves, I thought, "Truly this is holy ground." The morals which such lives teach are high and solemn, and it is almost a sin to allow the facts from which they are to be deduced to pass into oblivion. Miss Gurney's friends will, I doubt not, erect in Overstrand Church a fitting record of her brief history, as she did of that of her friend and partner; but let me not be thought intrusive if I respectfully suggest to them that they should do more. The inhabitants of North Repps Cottage, I am well aware, never dreamed of any celebrity as consequent upon their good deeds,—

They follow'd virtue, e'en for virtue's sake;—

but there are hearts on which the traditions of such lives tell with the power of martial music, and for their sakes, and that of society, which is benefited to an incalculable degree by every such instance well recorded, I hope to hear, that some one of those who knew these ladies best has undertaken this important task. Cromer is a great gathering-place for Buxtons, Gurneys, Hoares, Hanburys, and a host of collaterals. You see there "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co."—not Co.'s—"Entire." They ride over the country in joyous troops; and the day before I left that neighbourhood a squadron of some seventy or eighty of them startled the shades of Britons or Romans who keep watch upon the Saxon shore, by lunching in the free air and open sunshine of the Black Beacon. The company assembled on that occasion was neither unlearned nor unliterary. Amongst them a competent and congenial pen could easily be found.

B.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE General Board of Health has issued significant precautionary advice with reference to cholera, which has again become epidemic in several of the Baltic ports, and at Hamburg, and may therefore be expected in our eastern seaports. During the past three months there has been unusual fatality from diarrhoea in England, another sign of the approach of cholera. The General Board recommends all Local Boards to look to the ventilation, sewerage, and supply of water, of the houses in their several districts. One fact is proved with regard to this epidemic, namely, that its undiscovered power, in its wanderings, acts after the manner of a ferment,—that it therefore takes effect only amid congenial circumstances, and that the stuff out of which it brews poison must be air or water abounding with organic impurity. This having been long since ascer-

tained, the Board enjoins a salutary acting thereupon, just previous to the expected coming of a fourth visitation. Why is not prevention looked to even in healthy seasons? All this hot summer the stagnant Serpentine has been emitting poison through a wide district,—and they who have been in Dublin must have been disagreeably aware that the Liffey, which is only a huge, open, common sewer, was infecting the entire city.

Among the few pleasant events of this anxious week may be reckoned the meeting at Hampton Court Palace, on Monday, of the London and Middlesex Archeological Society. There was a numerous gathering, at the head and sometimes at the centre of which was the Rev. Thomas Hugo, who, after giving an account of the old domain of the Hospitaller Knights here, proceeded to demolish all the legends connected with the building, and familiar, if not dear, to the children of Cockayne. He showed that "Wolsey's Hall" is not Wolsey's at all, but Henry's own, and that the Cardinal's portrait, so far from being a picture from life, is a copy of the time of Queen Anne. Then there is the fine "Elizabethan fire-place," which attracts so many eyes, and is the cause of many a reflection associated with the sayings and doings of the gallant period in which it was *not* constructed,—it being a sort of composite article, partly of the reign of William and Mary. As for that Gothic portion of the Palace which Londoners look on with mingled awe and admiration, the reverend gentleman pronounced it a sham gothic, and, consequently, detestable,—far inferior, in his opinion, to the portion of the edifice constructed by Sir Christopher Wren. These surprises fell more or less pleasantly on every ear, but not a member was present who was not delighted with the information and amusement of this *Causerie de Lundi*.

We are all in a mistake about Nena Sahib, at least according to M. Eugène Pergaux, in the *Courrier de Paris*. M. Pergaux does not indeed represent this fiend as an Adonis; but in other respects he describes the too famous Sahib as having so soft a heart, that, despite of his whipping children to death, and murdering women, he cannot read a tender line in Byron or Shakespeare without being moved to tears! He speaks French, Italian, and English, is acquainted with their several literatures, talks our own language as fluently and surely as any "gentleman de Hyde Park," and has translated "Hamlet" into Hindoo, to the great admiration of competent critics. Then the heart that could comprehend Ophelia was, of course, accessible to influences from living beauty, and this amiable Nena so loved the fair Miss Margaret O'Sullivan, that when she died of consumption, he went and wept over her tomb, and would not be consoled. He wandered about his palace, this exquisite lover, repeating nothing but "Poor Margaret,"—and then his eyes would suffice with tears, and he would quote some appropriate passage from Byron, as well as he could do so for sobbing. Since that time he never loved woman, it is supposed, says M. Pergaux; but this adorable individual took to ride steeple-chases, play in fencing-matches, and to killing tigers coolly in single combat. But, best of all, he is the man who has music in his soul, and he told "le jeune Wooots" that French music was his especial delight,—the soft, gay, brilliant, light French music,—and to show that he spoke with *connoissance de fait*, he sat down to the piano and improvised an air that brought down the loudest applause from an audience of connoisseurs. M. Pergaux seems puzzled to account for the hymn turn taken by this heroic gentleman,—but he assures us, that he finds, upon inquiry, such was the man whose name now, in the nostrils of every human being warmed by a spark of Christian love and charity, stinks more foully than that of Satan himself. Let us add, that we have corrections of Indian History from other sources also. The *Ultramontanist* journal, the *Univers*, speaks of General Neil, and not Nena Sahib, as the wretch who has made himself infamous at Cawnpore by his "refinements of torture"! The *Univers* is so shocked, that it hopes England will be defeated,—thus preferring the cause of Nena, who nailed infants in wooden boxes and threw them into the flames, to that of civilization. We notice these

matters because they have a literary bearing. If the *Ultramontanists*, as represented by the *Univers*, are audacious enough thus to write contemporary history, we are authorized in being sceptical when they pen legends of old times. This bold transmutation of Nema and Neil, reminds us of a dramatic parallel, in 'The Siege of Troy,' at Astley's, when Mr. Amherst, the author, by a huge slip of the pen, put the Greeks in the city of Troy, and sent an army of Trojans from Hellas to punish the Greek ravishers of the unreluctant Helen.

The Abbé Migne is well known for his "Universal Church Library." He has just added to it twenty-five volumes of Greek Patrology, with a Latin translation; and this quarter of a hundred is only an instalment of another three-quarters of a hundred to come! The work is gigantic, but we hope to report upon it when it shall be completed. Meanwhile, for a certain class of general readers, the Latin translation of the heavy Greek text will be found a very useful adjunct;—for in the case of many of the authors thus rendered the old adage is especially true—*Quicquid est, et non legitur.*

The following letter of *Bernardin de St.-Pierre*, addressed to a General of the Empire, has just been printed in Paris:—"My dear friend, can you lend me five-and-twenty Louis? I am in great want of them. I asked the First Consul yesterday, but he turned on his heel without answering. I was half-inclined to apply to Madame Bonaparte, but my courage failed me, and I now depend on your friendship." The fact is, that the gentle author of 'Paul and Virginia' was the type of Jeremy Diddler, and was more active in borrowing any odd sum he could get, than in writing. He was the vainest of men, too, this benevolent impostor. "I can't think," said he to Bonaparte, "why the savans have taken no notice of my 'Theory of the Tides.'—"Do you know anything of the Differential Calculus?" asked the Consul.—"Nothing."—"Well, then, go and study it, and you will be able to answer yourself."

When Meissonier, the artist, had just lit his cigar at the *après-dîner* of a banquet given him by his admirers, he began unconsciously, while talking, to draw on the table-cloth with the blackened end of his *allumette*. The Baron de Kniff, the landscape-painter, seeing what he was about, continued to put half-burnt matches in his way, and with these, Meissonier sketched one of the most exquisite of his little male figures, full of nature and vivacity. The Baron took away the cloth, purchased it of the landlady of the house, and it is now in his own drawing-room, the figure part admirably framed, and the remainder of the cloth tastefully arranged as a drapery.

Baron Humboldt, in an acknowledging answer to a telegraphic congratulation on his last birthday from the German naturalists assembled at Bonn, has communicated to the meeting that a new part of 'Cosmos,' (being the first section of the fourth and last volume,) is to appear in the course of the present month. It will contain, in about forty printed sheets, the introductory chapters of a detailed description of the various telluric phenomena,—thus presenting, with the second section of this volume still to follow, the counterpart to the detailed picture of Uranology, as given in the third volume.

Our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with the details of the loss of the steam-ship Central America. There is one incident, however, which we take from the American papers, and which will, doubtless, hereafter be quoted in books of natural history, or those treating of superstition generally. The captain of the *Ellen*, who bore down to the assistance of the drowning passengers, states:—"Just before six o'clock on the afternoon of September 12, I was standing on the quarter-deck with two others of the crew on the deck at the same time, besides the man at the helm. Suddenly a bird flew over and around me, just grazing my right shoulder. Afterwards it flew around the vessel, then it again commenced to fly around my head. It soon flew at my face, when I caught hold of it and made it a prisoner. The bird is unlike any bird I ever saw before, and I don't know its name. The colour of its feathers was a dark iron grey; its body was a foot and a half in length, with wings three and a

half feet from tip to tip. It had a beak full eight inches long, and a sort of teeth like a small handsaw. In capturing it, it gave me a good bite on my right thumb. Two of the crew who assisted in tying its legs were also bitten. As it showed to bite at everybody, I had its head afterwards cut off and the body thrown overboard. When the bird flew to the ship the bark was going a little north of north-east. I regarded the appearance of the bird as an omen, and an indication to me that I must change my course. I accordingly headed to the eastward direct. I should not have deviated from my course had not the bird visited the ship, and had it not been for this change of course I should not have fallen in with such passengers of the Central America."

The Annual Report of the Committee of the Free Public Library and Derby Museum, Liverpool, is highly satisfactory. With regard to the Central Reference Library, the readers have increased, numbering now, 166,346, which is an average for the last twelve months of 583 per day. Among the seven hundred and ten thousand readers, since the commencement of the Library, twenty thousand will cover all the losses sustained. There has been a considerable increase in every class of reading, except that of novels and works of imagination, which exhibits a decrease of 6,130 volumes. From this circumstance it may be considered a fair inference that the perusal of books of this class has produced a taste for more valuable studies.—The following is a classified list of books read during the last twelve months, and the number of volumes issued:—

Classification.	Daily average, about
Theology, Morality, and Metaphysics	6,581 23
Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, &c.	6,345 22
Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, &c.	2,061 7
Science and the Arts, Architecture, Painting, Music, &c.	7,483 26
History and Biography	12,020 421
Topography and Antiquities	2,297 8
Geography, Voyages and Travels	7,923 28
Miscellaneous Literature	48,425 170
Jurisprudence, Law, and Politics	1,016 34
Commerce, Political Economy, and Statistics	907 3
Education, Logic, Language, &c.	3,081 19
Poetry and Dramatic Literature	7,105 254
Novels and Works of Imagination	57,597 201
Classical Literature	533 2
Heraldry, Encyclopedias, and Works of Reference	2,972 10
Total	166,346

In the Lending Libraries the issues for the year ending the 31st of August, 1857, have been 308,200 volumes, and the returns 302,240 volumes, making 610,440 volumes; the actual number passed through hands averaging 1,970 per diem, during the 310 days the Libraries have been open for business. Each volume has been lent, on an average, 18 times. These statistics show an increase in the number of volumes lent of 78,852 over the previous year. 3,748 volumes have been added during the year. 10 volumes are in embossed printing, for the use of the blind, which are proving very attractive to this interesting class of readers. Although these books have been only a short time in the Library, there are already fourteen blind persons eagerly enjoying the privilege thus afforded.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—The REBELLION in INDIA.—GRAND SERIES OF DISSOLVING VIEWS, daily at 4½ p.m. and 7 p.m., with Lecture on INDIA by DR. MALCOLM, Esq. PHILIPS' CHIMICAL WORKS, in EXCELSIOR, exhibiting the Illusions of the (so-called) WIZARDS, daily at 2½ and 5½. The OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE daily.—THE VOCAL CONCERTS by the ST. GEORGE'S CHOIR, every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday Evenings, at Eight.—THE VIEWS of the WAR in CHINA, daily at Two; and all the usual Polytechnic Specialities.—GRAND CONCERT next Monday Evening at Eight.

FINE ARTS

Art-Treasures exhibited at Manchester in 1857, comprehending Royal, Public, and Private Collections of Great Britain.—[Trésors d'Art Exposés à Manchester en 1857, &c.]. By W. Burger. (Paris, Renouard; London, Barthès & Lowell.)

This book is a reprint and enlargement of a series of sketches which appeared in the *Sidére*, and it is written from notes taken with care and zeal upon the spot. It is interesting as affording us a fresh

and novel view of English Art, a fair sample of Continental estimation. It reminds us somewhat painfully that we are young in the race, and have much to do; but it does not persuade us that we never shall win the prize, or are in any way weak of limb or short of wind. M. Burger says:—

The English school has no place in the Continental history of Art, and except a few names, such as Hogarth, Reynolds, Lawrence, Wilkie, which are a little known, we know nothing of its tendencies or its genius. We have only seen a few scattered and inferior works of those great English painters, who have conquered by their talent the right of naturalization in the universal republic of Art. The Louvre does not possess a single picture by them, and England herself knows well that the originality of her school dates only from Hogarth and Reynolds.

This is all true enough, but is no more disgrace to us than it is to tell an author just become famous that a week ago he was unknown. M. Burger, however, does justice to English Art in many instances, confessing, with some reluctance, that Reynolds and Gainsborough, though unequal, were "two painters of the first class." Reynolds' 'Nelly O'Brien,' he says, is worthy to rank with Velasquez and Titian. His children, his ladies of silliness, find favour in the eyes of our French critic. Gainsborough he thinks most admirable and most versatile, obtaining breadth by a certain briskness of touch, never losing himself in detail, but preserving a perfect spontaneity of impression. Wilson, M. Burger does not think much of; he calls him a clever man, but without originality, relying on a traditional manner which ruined him. Poor Stothard, with all his poetry and grace, is set down as a mere imitator of French *paysannerie*, a feeble imitation of Watteau. We can much more readily agree with our French critic's opinion of that poor painter West, —feebly ambitious and good-natured dull.—

Benjamin West, like Wilson, who was, at least, as vigorous, has passed, and still passes, in England for a great painter. He was all honours and all favours. He was royal painter and President of the Royal Academy. He enjoyed the highest esteem among the aristocracy, and a reputation in some respects natural. He has been engraved by eminent engravers, and his pictures are sold at insane prices. His 'Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple,' now in the Vernon Gallery, was bought by the British Institution, who offered it to the National Gallery for 3,000 guineas. Can we believe, then, that after all, the President West, who helped to develop Constable, and who gave advice to all sorts of artists, must be erased from the list of English painters? He exists not in the school, he cannot even rank with the worst dauber of the third-rate schools. I do not think that he has the smallest fragment that can be called painting.

M. Viardot, in his 'Musées d'Angleterre,' goes still further. He declares West inherited only the defects of the school of David, and that his 'Christ Healing the Sick' would be rejected by the Exhibition Committee.

Those who remember the calm old gentleman gravely awaiting in his studio in Newman Street, —afterwards, we believe, Irving's Chapel, now a casino—the call to certain immortality in Raphael's heaven, must sigh, yet confess the Frenchman right. Here are some remarks on Lawrence and English Art, and its tendency to details, which are worth quoting, true or not true.—

Sir Thomas Lawrence [says M. Burger] is in the English school very much what Baron Gérard, his contemporary, was in the French school; but, nevertheless, he was much more a painter than the Baron. There are specimens of Lawrence, chiefly studies of female heads, which are delicious—fresher and more refined than those of Greuze. Like most English painters, a very unequal mechanist, a fact which seems to me to prove that the English character is not at bottom artistic. With the exception of Gainsborough and Constable, the English painter is always pre-occupied with a thousand things, which lessen the spontaneity of his impression. Some, as Hogarth and Wilkie, were encumbered by ingenious turns; others, as Reynolds and Lawrence, kept in view an aristocratic ideal in accordance with the manners of the English nobility; others, like Turner, in spite of their genius, as Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, very distinguished men of the present day, involve themselves in fantastic systems without issue and without result. This is not the method of the true artist who yields himself to an internal sentiment and an external vision. Originality, talent, nobility, show themselves if they exist.

Wilkie, says the French writer, though less daring than Hogarth, is more subtle, more learned, and more acute. He betrays a deep study of the Dutch painters. 'The Letter of Introduction' furnishes M. Burger with a text on which to expatiate on the English love of home and on our ingenuity in turning the mysteries of our domestic life into dramas. Happy the people who have a home!

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Constable astonishes the French critic, one of a nation who have no landscapes, and therefore no painters of landscapes. He justly complains that Ruydael and Hobema had but a limited garment of colour, a bituminous brown always predominating in their pictures. Constable took Nature as he saw her, introduced astonishing variety, and yet maintained breadth. *Apropos* of Constable, M. Burger discourses with much *naïveté* on English landscape.—

England [he says] is, picturesquely speaking, a superb country. There are trees in England a thousand years old, many five hundred years old, and there are whole forests of the age of Henry the Eighth, whose trees are never touched but to prolong the life of the old giants who have survived so many generations. As the English do not cut down trees for fuel, they are cherished and fostered. The art of surgery is called to their aid. They cauterize their wounds, they close their chinks, they bandage the lame branches. The country where coals are burned is a lucky one for trees. In every country artists make more of nature than we can believe. They cannot withdraw themselves from that which surrounds them. When we come to live in a country we begin to perceive that the local artists have properly represented it. That which at a distance seemed full of singularity, a mixture of ridiculous errors and false interpretations, we ourselves become eyewitnesses of. In England, in this island, which is almost like a great ship afloat, the atmosphere is always wintry and a little opaque; but when we walk in the country at a distance from the towns, when we see the sun, piercing this sea vapour, irradiate a healthy and vigorous vegetation, illuminate the matted branches of trees growing in perfect liberty, and then at its setting, burning between masses of cloud, always interposed between the blue ether and the English sun, we learn to comprehend the brusque contrasts and almost crude oppositions common to English landscape-painters. In the same way, when we have attended English meetings and fêtes, among ornaments, colours, and costumes the most discordant, we cease to be astonished at the taste and style of English painters in general.

This may be true enough, but scarcely modest in a Frenchman; since France, as well as England, is a younger child of Continental Art, and as yet scarcely christened. M. Burger allows Turner great merit, and ranks him among the great ones of the earth. He says:—

In his novitiate he equalled, while he imitated, Claude, Canaletti, Ruydael, Eryck, Van der Neer, Cuyp, and many others. In his original period he executed some incomparable *chevaux d'œuvre* sufficient to rank Turner among the great masters; for I only know one standard by which to measure painter's originality.

Allowing Bonington, Leslie, Mulready, Martin, and Webster praise, he confesses that Etty is a great colourist, but condemns his drawing. Roberts he calls a decorator,—and he ranks Stanfield above Gudin. Sir Edwin Landseer M. Burger considers deficient as a painter, though capable of penetrating all the instincts of animals. On Pre-Raphaelitism, our French friend is severe enough. He says:—

So how the painters of the fifteenth century drew honest men, whom you could take by the hand; they are so real, and so much do they resemble those figures of painted wood that from time immemorial have been manufactured at Nuremberg. Observe how the little flowers on the turf and the small details, imperceptible to the naked eye in nature, become important beside such figures. Nature seen with spectacles—down the telescope—through coloured glasses, under I know not what fantastic influences—by means of optical instruments and mechanical aids,—so that all is lighted and brought out:—such is *true art*.

We hardly expect after this to hear that some of this sect are clever and patient artists,—that Mr. Millais's 'Autumn Leaves' has first-class qualities,—that Mr. Hunt's pictures are the most curious in the world,—that Mr. Hooke's 'Passing Cloud' will be a masterpiece when harmonized by time,—and that Mr. Hughes's 'April Love' 'offre des parties délicieuses.'

M. Burger's review of the Manchester epitome of Art must set a thoughtful artist thinking. What do we see?—Art run thus:—First, great thinkers; then great experiments; then great imitators. First, religion; then, mythology; thirdly, upholstery. Fra Angelico, the monk, led us on to Veronese, the decorator. The first men had a great thing to say, but could not altogether say it; then men who had a small thing to say, but could say it well; then, men who, having nothing to say, could not express that fact. First thinkers, then rhetoricians; first feeling, then intellect. What a grand jaunt it is from the shepherd's son to the barber's son, from Giotto to Turner, from Rembrandt, the miller's son, to Constable, the son of the miller. Rubens all light, Rembrandt all dark; Cuyp all sunshine, Claude all sun; Constable all dew and shower, Teniers the exact, Rubens the fruitful.

On each of these men, volumes of Art-criticism could be written without exhausting the subject.

On the whole, excepting some prejudices, we can recommend this book, as conveying a fair impression of a Frenchman's estimation of our English Art.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Notes on Pictures at Manchester reach us at a late period. "J. D." on the Portraits of Rubens, remarks:—"In saloon B. of the Manchester Exhibition is the picture by Rubens, so well known by means of engravings, representing a man carrying a deer on his shoulders, accompanied by his wife. In the Catalogue I find it thus described:—‘548. Rubens and his Wife carrying Fruit and Game.’ Hanging by the side of this picture is a portrait of Rubens, painted by himself, a most beautiful specimen of the great artist's best manner. Now, no one can compare the heads in these two pictures, and not see at a glance that they are intended for two very different persons. The portrait (550), which is undoubtedly authentic, represents a man of sanguine complexion, with grey eyes and brown hair. The man carrying the deer is swarthy, and has *brown* eyes and *black* hair. The features, too, are unlike those of the portrait (550), and have a much less refined and intellectual expression. Neither does the woman in No. 548 bear the slightest resemblance to any of the portraits of Rubens's wife which I have seen. Perhaps these two pictures may never again hang side by side, as they now do, and I would therefore urge all admirers of the great artist, attending the Exhibition, to take the opportunity, during the few days yet remaining, to compare one with the other, and satisfy themselves as to the truth of my remarks. No. 548 must always be a very valuable picture, and its interest will not be lessened by being judged simply on its real merits."—Another Correspondent, "M. A." directs attention to another pair of counterfeit presentations. "In the Manchester Catalogue," he says, "two very fine pictures, from Hampton Court, by Mabuse (Nos. 433 and 433A), are stated to be portraits of James the Fourth of Scotland and his wife Margaret (Tudor). The arms on the altar-cloth at which the latter kneels are, per pale, Scotland and Denmark, showing the persons represented to be James the Third and his wife Margaret of Denmark, father and mother of James the Fourth. I am not aware whether this mistake occurs in the Hampton Court Catalogue. If the date of Mabuse's birth (1496) be correct, the murder of James the Third having happened in 1488 would assign these pictures to an earlier master, which the style also shows."—The pictures referred to by "M. A." are described in the Manchester Catalogue as follows:—"433. Wing of an Altar-piece, with Portraits of James the Fourth, King of Scotland, his Brother, and the Patron Saint, St. Andrew"; "433A. Ditto, Queen Margaret of Scotland, attended by St. George." In the Hampton Court Catalogue (1849) they are thus described:—"509. James IV. of Scotland, his brother Alexander, and St. Andrew, by *Jan de Mabuse*"; and "510. The Queen of James IV., with St. George, by *Jan de Mabuse*." If it be true that Mabuse painted the portraits of more than one member of Henry the Seventh's family, between 1495 and 1502, the date of the painter's birth must be wrong. Fiorillo denies that he was ever in England at all. He is believed to have died in 1532, though Descamps gives the year 1562. It is less likely that the portraits at Manchester are by Mabuse than that they represent James the Fourth and his Queen, kneeling at an altar decorated with the arms of the King's parents.

One good thing—let the patriots take it as they please—had just been accomplished by Austrian autocracy at Milan,—namely, the sudden closing of the Annual Exhibition of Modern Paintings, held by the Academy of Fine Arts in the Brera Gallery, at the express instance of the Archduke Maximilian—in rebuke, it is said, of the general worthlessness of the dauber exposed there. To this, in former years, we have borne witness. It is added that measures are to be taken to secure a more choice modern Exhibition, if any further one is to be held; and, meanwhile, the pictures of Crivelli,

and Raphael, and Guercino, and Luini, which were such an attraction to the autumnal tourist at the Brera Gallery, will no longer be half-hidden, or disgraced, by companionship with abominations hardly rising to the level of patterns for worsted work.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HAYMARKET.—A new performer (from America, of course) made his appearance on Thursday week, —Mr. Charles Sedley, in the part of *Don Felix*. He is a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and evidently a careful student, but as yet not more than a respectable actor. Mrs. Sinclair played *Violante*, and again proved that she is sufficiently qualified for the prose and conventional comedy of wit and manners. Mrs. Centlivre is an author who will never burthen her actress with the weight of her meaning. She wants no interpreter, but simply an exponent. The comedy of 'The Wonder,' in fact, is remarkable for the baldness of its dialogue and the effect of its situations. Thoughtless and light, it provokes laughter by its mere vivacity, bustle, and incident. Miss M. Oliver, as the Spanish girl, *Isabella*, was remarkably pleasing and pretty; while to Mr. Howe we must again award unqualified commendation for the boldness of his portrait as *Colonel Briton*. Mr. Compton was more than usually droll in *Lissardo*.

A new actress made her appearance on Monday—Miss Sedgwick, from Manchester—as *Pauline*, in 'The Lady of Lyons.' With much experience of the stage, this lady possesses a distinct delivery, and many personal qualifications. The great scenes in the third and fourth acts were performed with a more than usual amount of technical skill. Whether from the nervousness natural to a first appearance, or from habit, Miss Sedgwick, however, did not give free play to her impulses, and the general style of her acting consequently partook of artificiality. We must see her in other parts, before we can decide whether what we have witnessed be merely the result of stage-education, or dramatic genius. Mr. Howe played *Claude Melnotte* with his usual judgment and a degree of ardour that was highly pleasing. Mr. Chippendale in *General Damas* was especially meritorious, and the *Madame Deschappelles* of Mrs. Griffith was sufficiently amusing. The house on both evenings was well attended.

MARYLEBONE.—This theatre has been undertaken by a new management, and opened on Monday, under the conduct of Mr. Clarence Holt, with the five-act drama of 'Civilization.' Not only was the performance favourably received, but it was really good in itself. The dresses and scenery were new and effective. Mr. Holt supported the character of the hero, and was deservedly applauded by the audience. The management promises to pay strict attention to the respectability of the theatre, and to prefer the legitimate drama, with such arrangements as may conduce to its permanent prosperity. We wish them success. We must, however, not conclude without stating that, after the performance of the play, M. Kratky Baschic astonished the audience with his wonderful exercises on certain minute musical instruments, which were in succession applied to his lips, and proved capable of the most elaborate and harmonious results. The novelty of this exhibition will render it attractive.

ADELPHI.—The nautical drama of 'My Poll and my Partner Joe' was introduced to this house on Monday, for the purpose of prolonging the engagement of the veteran, Mr. T. P. Cooke, who sustained his old part of *Harry Halvard*. This play is a sort of melo-dramatic parody of Southern's tragedy of 'The Fatal Marriage'; the poor heroine, thinking her lover dead, in consequence of a five years' absence, having married with his friend and partner. He returns, after enduring much fighting and peril at sea; when the anguish of *Mary Maybud*, very pathetically expressed by Miss Arden, at having unintentionally proved false to her vows, threatens her sanity or her life. The

agency of the press-gang is brought in to tear away the hero from his beloved on the very eve of marriage in the first act; and the second is occupied in a naval encounter with a slaver. Mr. Cooke has in these different situations hard work to do which might well try the stamina of a young man;—but, whether fighting or dancing, he displayed extraordinary vigour. His touches of pathos, too, were frequent, and his elocution still powerful, emphatic, and irresistibly effective.

THEATRES IN NORTH ITALY.

HERE are a few notes of what was—and what was not—to be heard during a fortnight of this autumn in North Italy. The period, it should be remembered, is "out of the season"; yet in former visits it has yielded something:—no grand representations of accepted operas, it is true, but essays by struggling composers, who are not yet "up to the mark" of Carnival commissions—once or twice some popular singer (has Italy any great singers, or singer, now?) "starring it" for a night or two, and occasionally open-air music, pleasanter to listen to than "Norma" shrieked or "Lucia" drawled, in a theatre redolent with the fumes of gas and garlic.

At Trieste, the opera was to open with a company, including Madame Goldberg-Strozzi, and Signori Pancani and Ferri, as principal tenor and baritone. Two of the four works promised for the season were Signor Braga's "Estella," and "Gli Ugonotti," which last opera seems now as strongly rooted in Italy as if there was any chance of its music being fairly given, and not in a style to make angels weep and Meyerbeers stop their ears! Even at *La Scala* I have heard of such curiosities of execution as the dreary Anabaptist Three, in "Le Prophète," starting in three different keys. What I heard in Trieste was simply a splendid serenade executed by the band of a Wallachian regiment. I met with another band of the same kind, no less excellent, in St. Mark's Place, Venice. The pompous and varied sonority of the Austrian military orchestras justified a remark made by a master of his art, when discussing the French bands fitted out with perfected instruments all by one maker. This he objected to, on account of the family likeness of tone inevitable; and the case he urged is one in which contrast, not homogeneity of tones, is desirable. Certainly, I should sooner tire of the music of *Les Guides* than of any among the three Austrian bands which I have been hearing lately; though, separately, every French instrument, and player to boot, is more unimpeachable and accomplished than the corresponding piper or trumpeter in the South German regiments.

In more senses than one, the idea of Austrian fifes, clarinets, cornets, and serpents, jars on all the poetical and patriotic notions of the "sweet barcarolles" the traveller longs to hear in Venice,—

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes the cool air.

But, this harmony-music set aside, it would be difficult to settle whether the September silence or sounds of that lovely city were the less encouraging. The *Teatro San Benedetto*, which used to offer some resource, was shut—the *Fenice* was advertising for a manager, its past season having been a ruinous one, owing to the failure of Signor Verdi's "Simone Boccanegra." (That opera, let me say in a parenthesis, has been tried elsewhere, but, as yet, without success.) I do not think that the organs in St. Mark's were touched, during the days I was in Venice. Had the street musicians been also dumb, it would have been no loss, but they were loud with their scrapings and screechings of opera tunes—little better than an attempt upon the *finale* of "I due Foscari" by our Christmas "Waits" might be. This was hard to bear, in the city of Marcello and *Il Buranello*, once so liberal in its music schools, so choice in its *dilettanti*, so affluous in melodies that match its soft, musical dialect. Formerly, before Florian's and Suttil's coffee-houses one might hear, on a September evening, some melody, by Perruchini, or like composer, tastefully and tunefully sung, to guitar. Now, "La Notte è bella," or "La Biondina," or "Benedetta sia la madre," or "La sorte mia tiranna," might never have existed,

for aught that was to be heard of them: nor is this altogether owing to the Austrian occupation which is symbolized by that glorious and arrogant military band. Though one encounters in Lombardy more spoken German than is congenial to English sense of right and wrong, the Venetians still cry as they please in all their uncorrupted dolefulness of wild, whining accent, and prolonged emphasis. Roast gourd, fresh water, beautiful grapes, "Caramell," are recommended by the old chaunta. The gondoliers have kept their water-wit as well as their water-signals, while *A* glides down the Grand Canal, his Damiani will keep up an idyllic fire of sarcasm and irony, against the sallies of yonder Checco, who is taking those two upright English gentlewomen (scared at the freedom and the fun) to San Zanipolo, or some other sight of Venice. The folk are anything but melancholy, but their music is gone. The place seems literally, to borrow Byron's epithet, "songless" and the cadences of melody are dolefully missed, from canal, *calle*, and *campo*, which whether they be day-lit or moonlit, decaying or reviving in the prosperity of their inmates, will never, so long as one stone clings to another, cease to be suggestive of music!

No: Austria is not to blame for this. I could not help being reminded (even in the pieces played by that brave military band) how largely the popularity of Signor Verdi's bombastic style is responsible for this extinction of the delicate graces of Italian Art. That he has succeeded in simplifying and improving his melodies must be admitted as his due. But his amendment has come too late. His faded phrases of slow melody, bearing little meaning, except by the pressure of a *sforzato* applied to every note,—his *cabellatas* chipped up into sparkling bits, by audacious jerks and ejaculation,—his sequences of ascending *appoggiaturi* had demoralized the taste of a public thirsting for excitement, long ere the quartets in "Rigoletto" and the "Miserere" in "Il Trovatore" were written. But the extent of mischief for which Signor Verdi has to answer occurred to me, noisily, in Venice. I had ear-splitting proof in support of the charge a day or two later in another Italian city of renown.

I may mention elsewhere the theatrical things which were to be seen and heard in decaying, dejected Mantua,—decay and dejection how doubly oppressive in a city where that riotous and fertile artist, Giulio Romano has left such gigantic traces of his affluence and despotism on its walls. At Cremona I hunted not for music so much as for Campi frescoes and brick churches,—directed to the latter, let me say in gratitude, by Mr. Street's ingenious book. Had I stayed another day there, I might have heard Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy." But, that, being so averse to depreciation, an Italian landlord honestly assured me that the company was not worth staying to hear; and I acted on his hint. If such matters go by proportion,—and the relative importance of the towns is considered,—I could implicitly believe in any amount of badness in the Cremona troupe, after having visited the handsome Canobbiana Theatre, at Milan. The repertory there did not promise badly,—one night displaying the "Roberto" of M. Meyerbeer,—the next, "Gli ultimi Giorni di Suli," by Signor Ferrari. I heard the latter opera, and it was performed, every one agreed, by the better of the two companies assembled. I could not but say to myself, "Can such things be in one of the old centres of musical culture?"—as I listened, first in dismay, then in diversion, to the noises emitted by the ladies, who seemed to have but one idea, but one agreement, which was, to scream as if all their three hearts were breaking. I am sorry to add, that one was a Londoner, who has been singing for some years in Italy without having learnt to sing. The tenor and bass were a shade less outrageous, but neither of them worth naming. Nor did the opera offer a melody, a phrase, a chord, by way of compensation for an exhibition so flagrant. The music is of the Verdi school, with an added reminiscence or two,—here from Donizetti's "Lucrèzia," there from Signor Rossini's "Le Siège de Corinthe." Such novelty as it possessed lying in a hardy disregard of much that the ear has been used to require in modula-

tion. What Signor Ferrari might have achieved had he lived, is past guessing,—but the selection of so poor an opera, without the excuse of immediate interest in its composer, tells its tale of the state to which taste has fallen. The orchestra was not altogether bad, though coarse; pains had been taken with the scenery and the dresses. The opera was endured, but little enjoyed, and sometimes a little hissed,—but the hisses, I think, belonged to the singers, and not to the music of the defunct *maestro*.

The operas given, during the same time, at the *Teatro San Radegonda* have been the *Maestri Ricci's* "Crispino e Comare" and the "Fiorina" of *Maestro Predotti*. The latter has been tried in Paris with limited success; but the composer is considered one of the men of promise in North Italy,—and I may have another occasion of speaking of him. How pleasant "Crispino" sounded, by contrast, after that dismal transaction at the Cannobiana theatre, it would be hard to tell;—yet it may not be equal in musical value to its composer's "Scaramuccia," and hardly rises to the level of one of Mr. Balf's second-best operas. Of the *libretto* and music, you may presently have a fairer opportunity of judging; since it forms one of the repertory of operas named for your *opera buffa* at the St. James's Theatre. Then the singers were incomparably better than those who appeared in the grim, Greek tragic-opera. The voice of the *prima donna*—Signora Marzili—though small and sour, *ave* been exercised; and her execution was (by comparison) piquant and voluble. The part was *ad libitum* with a coarse liveliness, befitting low comedy. Signor Ciampi, too, the *buffo*, is more comical than either Signor Rovere or Signor Rossi, though, by a long interval, inferior to the Lablachés and Ronconis. He sang honestly, and acted busily, and not without glimpses of rough, whimsical fun. But the vice of the time has tainted even these better comic singers. Both were perpetually on the full stretch: there was no *piano*, no play, no delicacy, no relief, but flare and force without remission. It is not hard to understand how all the new arrivals from Italy criticize those who sing in London, either as over apathetic or as having lost their voices. The mischief cannot spread further, unless steam actors, of fifty man-and-woman power, can be fitted up; but can there be a reflux of taste, and, consequently, a return to the old methods of training the voice, to be capable of every gradation of strength, which implies every refinement? The thing appears hardly possible in Italy, to judge from the steady and rapid deterioration of her vocal art during the last twenty years. But in place of offering dreary vaticinations, let me close this letter with a few facts and rumours. The *Teatro Carignano*, at Turin, is on the eve of opening, and the "Aroldo" of Signor Verdi (an amended edition of his "Stiffelio") is to be the first opera given there. For the Carnival season at *La Scala*, Milan, the management has engaged *Mesdames Albertini* and *Rosa Devries*, with Signori Negrini and Mongini as tenors, Signori Morelli and Guicciardi as baritones, and Signori Selva and Biacchi as basses. Signora Gassier (*quere our Madame Gassier*) is to be queen of the Carnival at Rome. A report, inspiring more confidence than any of the foregoing ones, announces that, early in the year, a second *Mdlle. Duprez* will appear at the *Teatro Carcano*, at Milan. That her father's pupils know how to sing has been already proved in *Madame Van den Henvel* and *Madame Miolan-Carvalho*. The chances of another coming artist thoroughly prepared for her profession are to be watched with more than ordinary interest in these days of vocal degeneracy.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Princess's Theatre has undergone much decoration, preparatory to its opening on Monday. The interior has been entirely renovated, and now assumes a very gay appearance, having been painted in a light style of colour, partly in French white and gold. The ceiling is adorned with an allegorical subject, beautifully painted. The panels of the dress circle record the triumphs of the management in a series of paintings, from the Shakspearian revivals produced while the theatre

has been under the conduct of Mr. Kean. Among them are the vision of Queen Katherine, the trial of Hermione, the first appearance of the Ghost to Hamlet, Richard the Second abdicating his crown, the cauldron scene in Macbeth, Falstaff contemplating the body of Hotspur, Hubert and Arthur, Titania in her bower, and the interview between Prospero and Ariel in the presence of Miranda sleeping. The portraits of the English monarchs introduced into Shakespeare's dramas, at full length and in historical costume, occupy the spaces between the pannels. Here are John, Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, Henry the Seventh, and Henry the Eighth. There is, also, a new drop-curtain, painted by Messrs. Grievs and Telbin, showing a statue of Shakespeare, partly discerned through the drapery formed of crimson tapestry, which is very striking in its effect. The renovation, in general, has been effected by Mr. Charles Kuckuck, decorator to the King of Hanover.

Bull fights in the Paris Hippodrome having been forbidden since a good-natured bull slightly wounded the honour of a pseudo-matador, the management has got up an exhibition of intelligent *cows*! The thing is as dreary as possible: not so M. Janin's critique on the exhibition. He tells us that the Hippodrome, at present, is what Magna Charta calls a *vaccaria*; the edicts of Charlemagne, a *vaccaria*; a transcript of Philippe Auguste, a *vagharia*; 'The Life of St. Kerouan,' a *vaccarium*; and the Dictionary of the Academy, a *vacherie*. The trainer of the cows, says the critic, is a *vaccarino*,—in common parlance, *cows-keeper*; the money received is a *vaccatum*; and the day on which the cows perform, a *vaccatura*. The critic implies that, if there is nothing to be learned at the exhibition, there shall be some learning in the criticism which may be read, we suppose, during the *vacation*.

A literal translation of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' will be represented at the *Odéon*, Paris, in December. The *traducier* is M. Émile Deschamps. The piece will be preceded by Berlioz's 'Introduction,' or Overture.

The management of the Italian Opera at Paris announces, as the most extraordinary novelty of their season of 1857-58, the representation of a new opera by Rossini, entitled 'Un Curioso Accidente.' The name seems to imply some joke on the part of the *maestro*. It will be, at all events, *un curioso accidente* if such an opera be performed.

MISCELLANEA

The White Owl.—I am desirous of correcting an ornithological error into which your Correspondent "Cantuaricus" has fallen when speaking of Gray's "Elegy." Speaking of an ivy-mantled tower, he says, "I know by familiar experience it is likewise a favourite habitation of the *white owl*, whose *hootings* may be heard far and near on a still evening." Now I dare say white owls may be seen, and hootings may be heard near this spot, but it does not follow that the hootings are produced by the white owl. The fact is the *white owl* *hisses* and *screeches*, or *shrieks*, but *never hoots*. It is the brown owl which is so common amongst ivy that *hoots*,—hence its name, *hoot owl*. T. B. R.

The Tomb of Hippocrates.—According to an Athenian journal, this tomb has been recently discovered near the village of Arnaoulti, not far from Pharsalia. An inscription leaves no doubt as to the identity of the original inhabitant of this sepulchral structure. In the interior were found a gold ring in the form of a serpent, the antique symbol of the curing art, a small chain and band of the same metal. A bust in bronze was also discovered, which is presumed to be a likeness of Hippocrates. These objects, together with the inscribed stone, have been given, by the Turkish inhabitants of the district, to Hourni Pasha, the present Governor of Thessaly, who has forwarded them to Constantinople.—*Builder*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. Hirst—G.M.—received.

Erratum.—In our review of Thackeray's 'Miscellanies' last week, we spoke of Horace, by a mis-print, as the "Venetian" instead of the *Venusian*.

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